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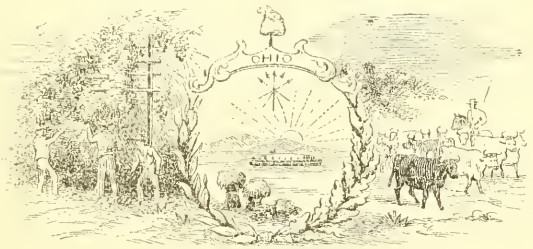
Yours truly J. Hodson

Miscellaneous Poems,

IN TWO VOLUMES,

BY JOSEPH HODSON,

East Liverpool, Columbiana County, Ohio.



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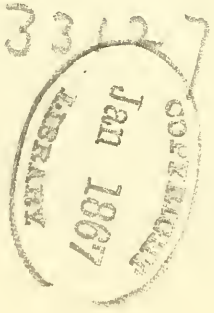

VOLUME I.

PREFACE.

In offering these productions to the public, it will be proper first to say, (though unnecessary in my own vicinity) they are from the Shoe bench. My labors hitherto, have all been trodden underfoot; how these may fare—time and their merits will determine.

I cannot refer the reader to any celebrated College, or Institution, or point to a Diploma as a recommendation. Unacquainted with the art of writing Poetry by rule, I have written, or portrayed my feelings as reflection has prompted me—it is at least, Original. Should the reader possess the advantage of a classical education, I hope this little work will be judged according to the circumstances under which it was produced.

With heart-felt gratitude to those who have honored me as subscribers, and the favorable opinions of my friends, I offer it to the public. It will be found to treat on such subjects as would naturally present themselves to one in my humble capacity of life, and has been composed as leisure hours have presented an opportunity.

Believing every one is designed to excel in some particular, it is the duty of all to make an aim, whether under advantageous circumstances or not; and, where on the face of the earth shall a working man attempt to distinguish himself—if not in the land we live in?

I could wish this little work was more worthy of presenting to the reader. I hope at least it may induce others to endeavor to excel. How far I have succeeded in my attempt, I leave to the judgment of an enlightened public.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

INTRODUCTORY.

A son of toil unknown to fame,
  Nor linguist to quote their lore:
His native tongue, an humble aim
  With self tuition, all his store.

'Twas fancy bade my thoughts to rise,
  The charms of nature so profuse;
The beauties of the lofty skies,
  Inspir'd my mind to seek the muse.

What rank or station but may soar?
  Where meditative silence reigns,
Revealing wisdom to adore;
  And bless the AUTHOR all sustains.

The PAST a warning voice bestows,
  And speaks to every age and tongue;
Our mercies, wishes, wants and woes,
  Alike expressive—right and wrong.

Life's varied lessons how replete,
  Oh! for an eye to quick discern;
The artful wiles, the welcome greet,
  What nobler maxim? "Live and learn."

Oh! could my pen delineate,
  The safest path to mercy's shore;
To bid earth's pilgrim smile at fate,
  And urge the drooping heart to soar.

Shall I, untutored I, presume
To measure or compose a lay?
I paused! a hope dispelled the gloom
Reflection prompting seemed to say.

What's grammar but some studied rules?
Our crude ideas to dispense:
Experience the best of schools,
The chief attainment COMMON SENSE.

What matter whom a truth has told?
What occupation doth engage;
If quill, or steel, or burnish'd gold,
Convey the thought, adorn the page.

The dazzling genius of the soul,
A life of ease can ne'er portray;
Who would unfold fair wisdom's scroll,
But perseverance points the way.

Each soul is equal, perfect, free,
And bears the stamp of ONE DIVINE,
Invited by the Deity,
In its alotted sphere to shine.

With these suggestions let me ask,
And for your kind indulgence plead!
Peruse entire my humble task
And judge the man by what you read?

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

Fair land of Columbia, of hope and of pleasure,
May Heaven e'er shield you from tyranny's sway;
And send you contentment, the choicest of treasure,
With joys in each bosom that never decay.

May health guard thy shores and may happiness blending,
Its mercies around, may each comfort increase;
While commerce and wealth to each mart is extending,
May merit e'er shine in thy mansions with peace.

May bigotry never take root in thy stations,
Disunion's blemish ne'er mar thy fair name;
The hope of the exile, the model of nations,
The home of the stranger, each patriot's aim.
Thy vessels so gallant their banners displaying,
Long, long may they traverse in triumph the wave:
Their blessing and boons to each nation conveying,
To add to the stores of the home of the brave.

Atlantic's free waves bound our borders prolific,
Awaiting the farmer their stores to unfold;
Our mountains are lav'd by the noble Pacific,
The fam'd Eldorado with treasures of gold.
Possessed of each clime—still untravered our regions,
Supplied with each boon 'neath the olive and vine;
We bow to no despot, his edicts, or legions,
Our sons are all freemen, JEHOVAH our shrine!

Kind Heaven has dealt its propitious treasure,
Around us its blessings profusely are strewn;
Our garners are laden, I note it with pleasure,
Our language translated 'neath every zone.
The sun is our limner, the lightnings await us,
With wisdom and progress our path to illume;
A triumph no less may in future elate us,
Artesian springs bid the desert to bloom.

"E Pluribus Unum," unsullied, unbroken,
Defend it ye Powers through the annals of time:
'Neath every zone may our language be spoken,

And freedom triumphant preside in each clime.
Our soil still untrod, with the vine be it shaded,
The flowers brightly blossom and smile for the brave;
Earth yield as its fruits—be it ever invaded,
A home for the worthy—the villain, a grave.

Thy flag when unfurl'd may it beam in full glory,
Posterity pride in the laurels it's won;
Its history ever be famous in story,
Thy eagle e'er soar with an eye to the sun,
Thy people from God, and from duty ne'er falter,
United in heart all as brothers agree;
As one may they worship at liberty's altar,
'Midst plenty and peace in the land of the free.

MIND.

Hail! sacred guest, immortal joy,
Ennobling man with feelings warm;
Commanding each to gaze on high,
With hopes beyond this fading form.
External fates may crush our bliss,
And fortune deal our lot severe:
Drear disappointment and remiss,
Are tenants of this fleeting sphere.

High Heavenly boon, unfading gem,
E'er independent, always free;
The brightest, noblest diadem,
Above each earthly rule, decree.
The child of circumstance may bend,
Where miseries relentless bind;
Till mercy does the message send,
And dissolution free the mind.

Man's choicest, richest, loftiest hope,
Immortal treasure unconfin'd,
Inviting to a boundless scope,
A talent unto each consign'd.
A spark from paradise above,
An equal right a gift sublime;
A ruby from the realms of love,
A trust to all, alike divine.

Beauty shall wither and decay,
The noblest structures years destroy;
Ambition's visions pass away,
As streams that murmur gently by.
The stars shall lose their brilliant light,
And all to chaos be consign'd;
Time in its orbit cease its flight,
Eternal only is the mind.

The mind of independent mould,
Whose life, whose aims, lead virtues way:
In Gods own image, free and bold,
Shall shrink not at the face of clay.
To truths eternal lofty throne,
To freedoms shrine, let all repair,
To Liberty and God alone;
With humble hearts to worship there.

LINES ON THE PAST YEAR.

The year with all its train of joys,
And hopes and scenes is ever flown;
While time still in its orbit flies,
Unheard, unseen to realms unknown.
Surpassing wonder, thought sublime,
Where is thy end, Oh fleeting time!

Anticipations, doubts, and fears,
Dissolve, disperse, and pass away;
We leave the stage a few brief years,
Our ages number ere decay.
Invisible, mysterious clime.
Unravell'd problem, passing time.

Glad hearts the year has lured along,
Where trusting childhood's sunny reign:
Has lulled or charmed with syren song,
Nor tasted anguish, grief, or pain,
To chill their glowing youthful prime,
The golden era, spring of time.

It dealt the lover hours of bliss,
And sped with wings of swiftness on;
Dispensing pleasures ere remiss,
Proclaim'd its days were past and gone.
Love's flow'ry paths found hymen's shrine,
Life's blooming summer, cherish'd time.

It stalwart manhood granted strength,
Diffusing vigor, health and joy;
Its days arose to noonday length,
As in its course it vanish'd by.
Unthought, unheeded, all resign,
And own the silent hand of time.

It deck'd some brows with tresses gray,
And furrows on the visage plac'd:
To show its regal stedfast sway,
Is ne'er evaded or effac'd.
Myriads of souls, it did consign,
To worlds unknown, relentless time.

To gaze beyond the grave's dark brink,
Philosophy must ever fail:
Perplex'd, distracted, pause and think,
On future scenes but here the veil
Is drawn! 'tis for a wise design,
Forbid to pierce the vista time.

It brought us peace it yielded fruit,
Abundance earth's fair bosom bore:
While wars and discord, sapp'd its root,
In distant lands and scar'd its store;
'Tis heaven bestows such joys divine,
Shall man ungrateful wink at time.

It spring array'd with tiny buds,
O'er earth a mantle green did throw;
While songsters carrol'd through the woods,
It bade the streams again to flow,
Bright hopes and promises benign,
It strew'd along the path of time.

It summer deck'd with lavish hand,
In beauty and luxuriant bloom:
The hills seem'd as a fairy land,
The vales were fragrant with perfume,
It wreaths of roses did entwine,
Around the sunny "stream of time."

It autumn loaded with supplies,
Although its breath the leaves did scar;
Storms equinoxal swept the skies,
The winter's advent drawing near,
Winds whistling through the mountain pine,
Pronounced the dirge of passing time.

Next winter's gloomy aspect brought,
The year unto a final close;
The fleeting monarch leaving sought,
The goal his predecessors chose,
While elfin sprites unseen did chime,
The final knell of parting time.

E'er trust the hand time's sceptre wields,
That blest our stores with fostering care;
Long may his tender mercies shield,
Columbia's shores from all despair,
And each in rapture e'er incline,
To praise the source of truth and time.

HOME SCENES.

Here in the cool and quiet shade,
Within the pleasant rural glade;
T'is sweet to muse and roam,
While memory with remembrance flies,
To dwell again with purest joys;
The early scenes of home.

To think of those we early lov'd,
And who through time have constant prov'd;
A parent's tender care,
Who did our helpless forms caress,
And to the bosom gently press;
With fond emotion there.

Of early playmates, simplest glee,
Where all were innocent and free;
From all deceit, or guile.
While truth around us shed its rays,
And pleasures met us at each gaze;
With blandest, fairest smile.

How swift the time it glided by,
The world seem'd all delight and joy;
Each face was then more fair,
In life's young advent, early morn,
When all was bloom without a thorn,
Or shadow of despair.

Years since have roll'd, these scenes are fled,
And all seems mix'd woe with and dread;
Since childhood's days have flown.
Are seasons changed? is God less true?
Or has each selfish aim and view,
Thus with our nature grown?

The world's as fair, God never fails!
His dews and blessings as the gales;
Are free alike for all.
If man with cruel subtle art,
Has claim'd his weaker brother's part;
And us'd him as a thral,

His pride shall oft his bosom sting,
And terror round his path shall cling;
Sad dreams shall haunt his rest.
While humble virtue shall enjoy,
True peace on earth without alloy;
And be forever blest.

An honest heart has riches more,
Than all the miser's golden store,
His coffers can contain.
The light of knowledge fair shall shine,
When all the rubies of the mine;
Shall prove a lasting bane.

Through death's dark valley truth shall cheer,
And light our way dispersing fear:
While around is gloom.
The soul shall on its pinions rise,
And soar to dwellings in the skies:
Where joys immortal bloom.

Oh! may the Power who rules o'er all,
Whose eye beholds the sparrow fall;
E'er guide us with his grace.
Shed in our hearts fair childhood's trust,
Renew our spirits as the just;
Its virtues to retrace.

Then shall each heart again adore,
Those happy scenes, those days of yore;
Each orphan find a friend.
The aged shall again rejoice,
While from the widow's grateful voice:
Thanksgiving shall ascend.

And all shall own this world of ours,
A land of beauty fruit and flow'rs:
A paradise below.
When man to man with mercy deals,
With soothing words the fallen heals;
True happiness shall flow.

Then shall the language of the heart,
And from its inmost, dearest part:
Flow freely from the tongue.
And all who wear their maker's form,
Enjoy a bosom pure and warm:
That shrinks at fraud or wrong.

As round I gaze where silence reigns,
And view the stores that mercy deigns;
It does such rapture call,
My noblest thoughts, my heartfelt praise,
To God who all around me sways:
And own him Lord of all.

FAREWELL TO SPRING.

Hail Spring! Gentle Spring, grace and grandeur bestowing,
Now gems of rare beauty, are strew'd o'er the vale;
The lambs gaily tripping and rivulets flowing,
While flagrance and vigor it floats on the gale,
The birds sweetly singing, while echo is ringing,
Whose cadence and melody sound in the grove;
The dove gently cooing, its mate fondly wooing,
Each bosom responds with the raptures of love.

Hail Spring! Welcome Spring, at whose glance disappearing,
The chill blasts of winter, the glacier and snow:
Creation anew e'er thy mandate revering,
Bade nature revive and each bosom to glow,
The earth its fair treasure, with promise and pleasure,
Profusely are scatter'd in beauty and bloom:
Whose emblems may cheer ye, though life it be dreary,
The Christian in semblance, shall rise from the tomb.

Hail Spring! Charming Spring, though thy season is fleeting,
The myriad trophies that grace the gay scene;
Fair summer in triumph and ecstacy greeting,
Each bud shall expand and thy glories be seen.

Each vernal crown'd mountain, and crystalline fountain,
Shall shine forth in splendor while songsters they tune;
Rich chaplets of flowers, inwreath the green bowers,
And incense arise from the altars of June.

LINES ON THE LATE DR. INT. MORSE, D. D.

'Neath the oaks at Gambier profoundly in slumber,
A christian, a hero in silence is laid;
He has pass'd from the world, he has joined the bless'd number,
That smile at death's portals and welcome its shade.

Mild charity weeps for her donor departed,
While gratitude sighs at the loss of her son;
The widow, the orphan, the weary worn hearted,
Shall yield a bright wreath that his labors have won.

Full of years—full of honors his pilgrimage ended,
He sheltered the homeless with comfort and joy;
With duty and love admonition he blended.
And spoke as a seer of the mansions on high.

The poor were his jewels, he dealt them his treasure,
The cause of the humble he e'er did defend,
To dry the sad tear was his solace and pleasure,
Vice lost a firm foe, and pure virtue a friend.

As a watchman on Zion, prophetic his vision,
Pride writh'd at his glance, pointing stealthy with scorn,
His Saviour's commands he proclaim'd with decision,
His life shall the page of the future adorn.

Inwreath his bless'd tomb with the beauty of roses,
And spring's sweetest blossoms from valley and glen;

Scatter emblems of hope, where his ashes reposes,
Than Christ shall awake him from slumber again.

THE GRAVE.

Pleasant and sweet is the sleep of the tomb,
The rest of the dead where our bodies consume,
High Heaven has spar'd us its era to know,
We pass from our labors, from sorrow and woe,
To slumber in silence and peace.
No more disappointment is dealt to our share,
Away from all anguish and bitter despair;
Affluence and want meet a similar doom,
'Tis mercy the balance adjusts at the tomb,
All envy and bickerings cease.

The willow so graceful its branches they bend,
The roses their blossoms and fragrance they blend,
The daisies so modest their beauty bestow,
As mentors our fading and rising they show,
While zephyrs are fanning the plain.
Each bud resurrection, each season makes known,
Each autumn the earth of its splendor is shorn,
Forlorn and dismantled, chill winter is king,
E're welcome returns the glad presence of spring,
To point us to promise again.

How welcome the grave, to the pilgrim of earth,
The portals of glory—celestial birth;
Take courage my soul, be no longer afraid,
The Saviour in triumph has past through its shade,
Exultingly soaring above.
Again, when old time it shall fade and decay,
The elements pass as a vision away;

The trumpet shall summon the just to arise,
To hail the Messiah descending the skies!
And dwell in the mansions of love.

LINES WRITTEN AT EVENING.

The shade ascends the mountain side,
Upon its height the sunset glows;
Still upward as its shadows glide,
All nature sinks to sweet repose.
The birds have ceased their parting lay,
Hope, love and joy their bosoms fill;
As westward hies the orb of day,
And evening shades the forest hill.

Ohio, by thy placid stream,
Oft have I gazed with fond delight;
Upon the moon with silver beam,
And stars that gem the azure height.
With feeble gleam they meet my view,
Enraptur'd thoughts my bosom thrill;
Invisibly the silent dew,
Descends upon the forest hill.

To meditate and muse alone,
What joy so pure—what boon so rare?
When reason it assumes its throne,
Away from strife—devoid of care.
Tradition prompts to days of yore,
Of legendary lore and skill;
Where chiefs beside Ohio's shore,
In freedom roam'd the forest hill.

To other scenes their race has sped,
Where brightly blaz'd the council fires;
Commerce her busy marts has spread,
And rais'd its lofty tow'ring spires.
Far from Ohio's peerless stream,
Though exiled far—with fearless will
They gaze on rustic, native scenes,
And haply trace some forest hill.

In vain! In vain! the works of art,
All pomp and splendor seems but tame;
Romantic beauties to impart,
And fill their dauntless hearts with fame.
The studied landscape seems but weak,
In vain may fashion mould and till;
Compared with cliff and mountain peak,
That grace the noble forest hill.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Its ransom'd spirit soar'd on high,
Ere sin could taint, or vice decoy;
Its beauties to expand and bloom,
In spheres of love beyond the tomb.

LINES ON THE STARS.

Stars of heaven, fond, adorning,
God-like trophies! fix'd on high;
As the ether vault exploring,
Scans the glad exulting eye,
Wrapt, entranc'd, in admiration,
Source of genius, tune my lays?
Grant true blisses, aspirations,
Give the meed, the gift to praise.

Stars of heaven, with emotion,
As I view the realms of space;
Fill'd with heartfelt, awe, devotion,
Brilliance welcome, beams to trace.
Beacons in the map of heaven,
Each their lustre, fond displays;
Where the ransom'd reign forgiven
Crown'd with triumph, live to praise.

Stars of heaven, emblematic,
Fraught with promise, glory, hope;
Cheering, teaching, most emphatic,
Delineating past all scope.
Mirror'd in the ocean's surging,
Rock'd within its swelling sprays;
Now embrac'd, again emerging,
Join in universal praise.

Stars of heaven, graceful shining,
Sentient voices, ever call;
High omnipotence divining,
Ample glories sent for all.
Brilliant, unbedimm'd, unweary,
Greet the vision with their rays;
Sable night illuming cheery,
Hymn the great Creator's praise.

Stars of heaven, gems of beauty,
Living mentors, high above;
Each perform a silent duty,
Each display affection, love.
Fair and perfect, each revealing,
Reveries to prompt the gaze;
Elevate the purest feeling,
Charm with wonder, joy and praise.

Stars of heaven, countless numbers,
Sentries of the azure heights;
Ceaseless vigils o'er our slumbers,
Watches of the shades of night.
Empires, language, victors perish,
Equipage and pomp decays;
Works of God all ages cherish,
Meteors, planets, gleam to praise.

Stars of heaven, if forsaken,
By the smiles of all below;
Glad I know, with faith unshaken,
Mercy, wisdom, bids you glow.
Fain would I! as in your courses,
Each proclaim Jehovah sways;
Bring a tribute to his sources,
Grandeur, Glory, bids me praise.

BEAUTY IN NATURE.

There's genius in the forest shade,
There's comfort in the breeze;
There's charm within the pleasant glade,
There's beauty in the trees.

There's pleasure where the shadows glide,
There's brilliance in the bow'r;
There's verdure on the mountain side,
There's splendor in the flow'r.

There's fragrance in each valley dwells,
There's grace upon the plain;
There's perfume in the fairy dells,
There's mercy in the rain.

There's fleetness where the waters flow,
  There's music in the rill;
There's science in each flake of snow,
  There's wisdom on each hill.

There's silence in the solemn night,
  There's brightness in the day,
There's radiance in the moons pale light,
  There's glory in each ray.

There's each tint in the rainbows hue,
  There's symmetry and form,
There's life within the morning dew,
  There's grandeur in the storm.

There's wonder in the thunder crash,
  Fair gems bedeck the lea;
There's swiftness in the lightnings flash,
  There's freedom on the sea.

There's majesty adorns the sun,
  Each planet star and sod;
And all we ever look upon,
  Proclaims a living God.

ON CHOICE.

Give me the heart whose hopes alone,
  Are cent'red in the purest aim;
Who at misfortune is not flown,
  The same in sorrow, weal, or fame.

Give me the mind where reason sways,
  Where independence holds its seat;
Whose dealings bear the light of days,
  Who shrinks in silence at deceit.

Give me the eye where pity glows,
With feelings of celestial fire;
Whose tender glance disperses woes,
Whose looks invite, whose beams inspire.

Give me the hand where mercy guides,
Where virtue prompts with holy zest;
Whose actions prove o'er all besides,
True friendship without interest.

Give me a cot where love prevails,
Where gentle manners banish pride;
Where true content has furl'd its sails,
Where all in Providence confide.

Give me a little prattling voice,
To cheer away the weary hours;
To make the dreary soul rejoice,
At infant beauty's budding flow'rs.

Give me a partner as my own,
Who is attractable and kind;
Who'd share my cot before a throne,
And in my heart a refuge find.

Give me for wealth, enough, no more,
I ask not riches, truth's the prize;
And wisdom's treasures as my store,
To bid each drooping thought arise.

MORNING.

'Tis sweetest to rise with the wings of the morning,
When all things around us is spangled with dew;
To view the bright sun in the east that's adorning,

Each hill and each valley with richness anew.
The flowers shine as gems, in such radiance they glisten,
The birds rise with joy, singing carols of praise;
Who! who! could be mute for to loiter and listen?
Each heart must be moved to adore as we gaze.

There fancy can rise to the clouds on its pinions,
Whose hues paint the morn in the rarest of dyes;
Away from these earthly terrestial dominions,
To dwell on a theme the most brilliant, the skies.
The morn fresh with balm and with fragrance perfuming,
The spirit inhales as the roses the dew;
There health paints the cheek while all nature is blooming,
To bid you arise and its pleasures to view.

Such splendor below 'tis the gift of high heaven.
Its mercies revive and its graces restore;
Its fruits and its blessings to man they were given,
To have and enjoy with a promise of more.
Arise with the morn adoration expressing,
Exultingly triumph with thoughts on above;
While God in his goodness the humblest caressing,
Supplies the whole source from the fountains of love.

There science it lingers its wonders disclosing,
And wisdom is there in the noblest array;
Each bud seems to ope from the sweetest reposing,
To welcome Aurora and herald the day.
Give misers their gold, give ambition its stations,
Give each their ideal whatever it be;
Give me but a spark from the source of creation,
To tell of the beauties and glories I see.

The stars disappear 'neath the rays of its splendor,
In heaven's high arch of etheral blue;
To seek other spheres adoration to render,

And show the Creator, unchanging and true.
Each season that rolls ever brings a rehearsal,
Of mercies unbounded of promise and joy;
Of boons and of blessings, alike universal,
And free as the breeze that is murmuring by.

It dawns on the humble as on the aspirant,
It falls upon childhood the same as the brave;
The rays that behold the oppressor and tyrant,
They beam on the cottage and smile for the slave.
Their blessings are equal to all of the nations,
And amply in season true pleasure do bring;
They shine for each sect—alike to all stations,
And sent to the captive, as free as the king.

These springs shine as pearls, as they gush from their fountains,
The streams seem as gems while they ripple away;
The shepherd now hies to his flock on the mountains,
The milk-maid is singing to hail the new day.
Each echo repeats o'er each hill and each valley,
The colt he arises and shaking his mane;
With rest animated his spirits they rally,
While lambs gaily tripping rejoice on the plain.

How charming it falls on the face of the ocean,
Where vessels triumphant in majesty glide;
Each seaman beholds with the fondest emotion,
That beacon of brilliance the mariner's guide.
Such tints gild the horizon with a reflection,
No language can paint nor no limner portray;
Deriving each shade from the hand of perfection,
Whose mandates the storms and the waters obey.

The night is a type of the end of all mortals,

When darkness embraces all living in sleep;
Humanity slumbers entranc'd in its portals,
While stars gently twinkle their vigils to keep.
Soon morning appears with the brightest refulgence,
Its rays fall on earth from the mansion's above;
Proclaiming long suffering, mercy, indulgence,
Resurrection and light from the centre of love.

It breaks on the world with the truest precision,
Its shade on the dial reminds us of time;
Revolving along with the surest decision,
Surpassing our thoughts with a wisdom divine.
Whose word makes the seasons to roll in their courses,
Whose blessings his creatures with plenty supplies;
Whose truth is eternal, unbounded his sources,
Whose mercy and pleasure, bid morning arise.

LINES WRITTEN AT EVENING.

Shades of evening are appearing,
Birds they chant a parting lay;
While the Sun's reflection cheering,
Best describes the close of day.

Now the western hills are showing,
Tints no limner can portray;
Grace and glory both are glowing,
Beauty paints the close of day.

Now 'tis sweet to muse and wander,
Where each sunny parting ray;
Smiles with splendor, seeming fonder,
As it crowns the close of day.

Flow'rs with petal leaves are closing,

All their tints and colors gay:
Bath'd in dew and sweet reposing,
Cease to bloom at close of day.

In the azure vault above us,
Spangled skies in rich array;
Heavenly mercies, cheer us, love us,
Grandeur, gems, the close of day.

Lovely stars, with brilliance gleaming,
Twinkle bright and shadows play;
While the gentle moon is beaming,
Lending charms to close the day.

Mortals wrapt in silent slumber,
Soon shall on their couches lay;
Sweet enjoyments without number,
Love and wisdom close the day.

Balmy sleep so fresh restoring,
Cast o'er all thy gentle sway;
Bring us dreams with joy adoring,
All the charms that close the day.

NIGHT.

'Tis night, remorse (tho' drap'd with gold
Around the couch) the heart is cold,
The conscience dark within.
Tho' rob'd in riches all is vain,
Vice yields in solitude to pain;
The curse, the sting of sin.

While memory starts aghast with fear,
Sad visions hover, all is drear:

As hidden secrets rise.
The veil of night though sable grown,
Shields not the silent inward moan;
In darkness and disguise.

The future seems a fearful void,
The past reflections joys deride,
The present inward woe.
Ambition mocks and guile deceives,
Whoe'er its gilded bait receives,
'Tis as the meteors glow.

'Tis night, the shades of darkness fall.
And spread o'er earth a sable pall;
Inviting each to rest.
The weary from their labors cease,
Reclining on their couch in peace;
With slumber are refresh'd.

The thoughts may now with rapture rise,
Sojourning 'midst the purest joys;
In scenes elysian stray.
While reason charm'd as with a spell.
Emotion makes the bosom swell;
Beneath its magic sway.

Misfortune may forget its woe,
And pleasure bid the bosom glow;
Till fearless chanticleer,
Shall summon each and all to rise,
'Ere fair Aurora gilds the skies:
To gaze on glories there.

'Tis night, the captive in his cell,
Sweet visions whisper, all is well;

Again the mind is free.
It soars beyond the dungeon's doom,
Where all is pleasure hope and bloom;
He stands elate with glee.

As throbs convulse his breast, he sleeps,
Alternate he rejoices, weeps;
Bright scenes dispel his care.
He meets a gentle wife's embrace,
While trusting childhood's artless grace;
With welcomes greet him there.

The cherish'd kiss, the sacred tear,
Known, welcome voices meet his ear,
While mercy hover's nigh.
The broken spirit soon 'tis heal'd,
The fleeting vision has revealed;
A taste of purest joy.

The body is a prison cell,
Wherein a spark of light may dwell;
Within its walls of clay.
While stars their ceaseless vigils keep,
The spirit soars the upper deep;
To world's of bliss away.

To meet the friends of other days,
To glance at ever beaming rays;
On sacred hopes above.
The mind, it seeks its native shore,
With countless legions to adore;
The source, the fount of love.

'Tis night, the lovers trusting heart,
Its hopes, its vows, sweet dreams impart;

In reveries of joy.
  Transported to the spheres of love,
On wings of fancy soar above:
  And leave the earth's alloy.

Elated with bright thoughts of bliss,
  Life's sunny scenes dispel, remiss;
As beauty tints the morn.
  Or some fair bud to yet expand,
And blossom in a fairy land;
  Beneath affection's dawn.

The Sun, the heavenly orb above,
  Adorns the skies with light and love;
While sacred holy ties,
  Attract the compass to the pole.
Make stars to shine, the seasons roll;
  And incense to arise.

Vines amorous to the branches cling,
  The lambs to gambol, birds to sing;
The world revolving move.
  It chains the ocean to the shore,
And bids each drooping heart adore;
  The source, the fount of love.

'Tis night, fair childhood sweetly sleeps,
  Bright angel forms their vigils keep;
Where innocents repose.
  May Heaven keep their spirits pure,
No fear, no vice, no wile to lure;
  Till life's career shall close.

'Tis night, alone unvarnish'd truth,
  Can make the bosom pure as youth;

Reposing free from dread.
Faith in omnipotence to save;
Beholds our earthly goal the grave:
A peaceful, silent bed.

He who from nought created all,
The moulding dust again shall call
From chaos unto light;
As morning's bright refulgent ray,
Dispels the dreary chon sway:
Of darkness and of night.

"The wreck of matter, crush of spheres,
Excite no terrors, doubts, or fears:
In glory from the tomb.
The faded form again shall rise,
And join the ransom'd in the skies;
Where joys unfading bloom.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Go seek not its dwelling where fortune it flatters,
It never with folly is known to reside;
It shuns not the ship though the sails are in tatters,
When storms cross its course, or the tempests preside.

As clouds o'er the sky when misfortune it hovers,
Untir'd and unceasing, it ever is true:
Its conquests elate not, it only discovers,
Its virtues and beauty with lustre anew.

Oh! what shall compare with the friend that is loyal
In heart and in truth through adversity's storm,
Whose hand it was open who knew no denial:

Whose voice it was ready to solace and warm.

More sweet is its balm than Arabia's spices,
More fair than all jewels and riches combin'd;
It sinks in the soul and the fallen rejoices,
'Tis Heaven below unto mortals consign'd.

E'er may its fair bloom in our pathway be planted,
To guide us through life and our talents improve;
'Twould cheer us along with its mercy enchanted,
The key to each heart and the portals of love.

LINES ON THE BIRTH OF A SON.

Welcome little helpless creature,
Glad I view thy tiny stature;
Miniature of form and feature,
The hand of time,
Moulds the noblest works of nature,
In manhood's prime.

Little feet to prank and caper,
Mind unwritten, spotless, paper;
Life a fickle fleeting vapor,
A passing ray,
Gleams a while then as a taper,
It wanes away.

Humble though thy rank and station,
Still an heir to all creation:
Sojourner of a short probation,
At most a span,
Strange thy birth and destination,
The lot of man.

A truce to such philosophizing,

Away with doubting and surmising;
Sure a path is not surprising,
Where millions trod.
Thy natal hour as all devising
Belongs to God!

Should thy stay be brief and aimless,
Though thou pass unknown and nameless;
They whose days are few and fameless
This truth I cite.
God will shield them pure and blameless,
In love and light.

Should'st thou taste life's joy and sorrow,
Act to-day, trust not to-morrow;
Who shall from the future borrow,
Is most unwise.
Doom'd to disappointment thorough,
Shall never rise.

Good and evil, stand before thee,
By the Sire that would implore thee;
By the gentle form that bore thee,
Know one on high!
In majesty is gazing o'er thee,
With watchful eye.

Know evil fills the mind with rancor,
Deception every hope shall canker;
Whoever for its shrine may hanker,
His peace destroys,
While terrors of another "Banquo,"
Shall curse his joys.

Know truth shall ever shine resplendent,

With every bliss its train attendant;
Stand thou fair virtue's firm defendant,
Shun vice insipid,
The upright mind's, a star ascendant,
Be firm INTREPID.

THE MAN OF INTEGRITY.

An honest man whoe'er can estimate,
The choicest rubies fall below the rate:
A stay in sorrow and in woe a friend,
Explicit dealings ever to the end.
Tho' fortune slights him he may smile with cheer,
His mind is easy and his conscience clear;
While consolation springing in his breast,
Yields true contentment in each thought expressed.

His vision brightens as to future days,
While hope around him sheds its brilliant rays;
His vows unbroken yield him purest joy,
His acts of friendship time cannot destroy.
The fallen seek him as a real friend,
True honor ever does his word commend;
Absent companions love to sound his fame,
While sordid envy blushes at his name.

Free from contention, habits, simple, plain,
Virtue untarnish'd does his worth retain;
Easy to govern, mercy points his path,
He pities failings and is slow to wrath.
Nor unrelenting, here his honor lies!
His noble feelings, little ways despise,
He seeks true merit, sterling joys to find;
And with its beauties does enrich his mind.

Bright as a pillar that is sculptor'd rare,
Shines in the temple as surpassing fair;
His actions place him thus exalted high,
His manly bosom smiles at destiny!
An equal balance, independent, free,
His name, his traits, adorn humanity;
At wisdom's shrine his soul delights to nod,
His path is duty, and his hope in God.

LIBERTY.

Behold the sun that paints the skies,
High o'er the mountain summits rise;
Its blessings unto all does share,
With mercies smiling everywhere.
One universal grand decree,
Proclaiming love and liberty!

List, to the bird whose tiny throat,
Its cadence on the breezes float;
Whose instinct prompts its cheerful voice,
In rapture, to adore, rejoice,
Expressing joy, exulting free,
It chants the song of liberty.

The gallant ship that with the gale,
Majestic spreads its swelling sail;
In triumph ploughs the briny sphere,
While all the finny species there,
Roaming at will throughout the sea,
They revel forth 'midst liberty.

Gaze on the glittering rippling rill,
Whose merry path it winds the hill;
Its music through the valleys sound,

And breaks the silence all around,
As in its course it bounds away:
Rejoicing, whispers, liberty.

The stars that gem the vault above,
And trees that blossom in the grove;
The eagles eyrie built on high,
Each pinion soaring for the sky,
With clouds that o'er the welkin flee,
Alike resemble liberty.

Each flow'r that blooms so gaily dress'd,
And all the tints that gild the west;
While the bright orb of light retires,
This motto stands in glowing fires.
Behold, the elements are free!
Our God is love and liberty.

Shine on bright orb with light divine,
Dispense thy joys to every clime:
Thy Heavenly light, refulgent ray,
In smiling accents seems to say,
Let man to man, a brother be;
The laws of God are liberty!

INDEPENDENCE.

The Goddess of liberty seated on high,
This mandate was sent from the throne;
A spark in each bosom diffus'd from the sky,
And this did her heralds make known.
Erecting an altar all hearts to invite,
All nation's, all spirits to join;
Inscrib'd Independence in letters of light,
IMMORTAL, INHERENT, DIVINE.

A loose flowing mantle her form did enshroud,
'Twas dy'd with the tints of the morn;
The trumpet of freedom, so shrilly and loud,
Was sounded her councils to warn.
While truth as a beacon illumined the scene,
Triumphant 'twas echoed around;
Let nature be deck'd in the colors of green,
And thus its first epoch was crown'd.

While springs they are vernal and verdure is seen,
Its wreath as a trophy to wear;
Shall stand as a witness these banners of green,
Its temple as free as the air.
Innate and eternal, each bosom to hail,
Accountable but to its sire;
Shall dwell in the breast of mortality frail,
This gem of etheral fire.

As smiling the Goddess 'midst grandeur and awe,
This fiat pronouncing to all;
The prince and the peasant, equality's law,
Again to her councils should call.
Independence, inscrutable gift from on high,
No terrors no mortals may scan;
Its empire each bosom, no rule can destroy,
The light and the glory of man.

Who'd crush Independence must aim for the sky,
Where God and eternity sway;
Pluck down the bright sun, bind the gales as they fly,
And time's fleeting cycles, delay!
Who rules the old ocean, gives bounds to the tide,
Alone can this talent control,
Let each stand erect in his manhood and pride;
No despot can fetter the soul.

PARODY ON EDUCATION.

There is a gem nought can destroy,
It is a grace and ever nigh;
No clime can e'er this quest estrange,
When once possess'd, 'twill never range.
Nor despotism can't enslave,
'Tis ever competent and brave;
'Twill introduce you when afar,
It shines like virtue or a star.

It charms with wonder all around,
It claims respect the most profound;
It has bound thousands with its spell,
Its pow'r and force no tongue can tell.
It scans the heavens, the earth and sun,
It names the planets as they run;
It after death will live and shine,
Its truth and essence is divine.

It genius ever gives a grace,
It is the honor of our race;
It points the way to constant bliss,
It fills the mind with happiness.
It all most cheerfully invites,
It leads to hope and human rights;
And all who have the inclination,
It gives advice and information.

What gives to man the full control?
O'er all creation, What? a Soul!
Man in the image of his God!
Without a soul, is as the sod.
Then how important 'tis to learn,
And ne'er this heavenly boon to spurn;

It is the duty of a nation,
To ever cherish Education.

DISCRETION.

Discretion points us where no dangers wait,
To choose the wisest smoothest path to fate;
To where distinction and promotion dwell,
And crown'd with triumph, 'midst its joys excel.
Ambition maddens! death its votaries dare,
Destruction waits them in its gilded lair;
While true contentment seeks the lowly vale,
Discretion guides us to its quiet pale.

Discretion cheers us with an inward joy,
Its precepts charm us, brilliant hope is nigh;
Where science lingers and where laurels bloom,
It gently leads us from the path of gloom.
Not as ambition's dazzling meteor glare,
Illumines brightly ere to dark despair;
Its vision passes, leaves no cheering ray,
Adds doom to terror, as it fires decay.

Discretion, surest, noblest, best of themes,
E'er guide our failings to avoid extremes;
Watch o'er each thought and lend a prudent bar,
Check rising passions, ere our peace they mar.
Steer thou our course through life's fast flowing tide,
To shape our actions and with thee decide;
Be thou our motto, monitor, and friend,
And in our failings e'er thy virtues blend.

AMBITION.

Ambition points where laurels bloom,
  Prompts us on all terrors daring;
Fires the heart, diperses gloom,
  Keeps aspirants from despairing.

Ambition fills the soldier's breast,
  War's alarms, e'er find him ready;
He seeks its plume to grace his crest,
  At danger's post advancing steady.

Ambition is a brilliant cheat,
  Vain and fragile in position;
When once possess'd its joys they fleet,
  And oft a step toward perdition.

Ambition goads beyond all hope,
  Rays that dazzle while pursuing;
It leads us on with death to cope,
  Crowns its guests with fame or ruin.

Ambition may! Decision must,
  Triumph over opposition;
While fiery minds may miss their thrust,
  And failing find their bane ambition.

Ambition, could thy victims speak,
  Wreck'd by thy alluring stories;
Just as the moth the taper seeks,
  Sears its wings, and mars its glories.

Ambition glares! let reason rule,
  Virtue's laws avoid pretention;
While wisdom keeps the passion's cool,
  Claims the palm and saves contention.

FEBRUARY 22ND.

All Hail! to the chieftain immortal in glory,
Posterity praises in rapturous glee;
His deeds long shall shine in his country's story,
His name long shall live in the minds of the free.

Whilst cannon's loud echo's triumphant are pealing,
May freemen's glad voices e'er usher the morn;
And victory's sun all its glories revealing,
Smile bright on the land where our hero was born.

His honor ascends to the zenith of splendor,
While wreaths of green laurels encircle his fame;
His memory is cherish'd as freedom's defender,
Each patriot cheers at the sound of his name.

Whose hosts through the vista of woe and subjection,
His virtues and valor they pointed the way;
Who bow'd unto none but the God of perfection,
And led them through gloom, to the glories of day.

Unfetter'd and free from all bias and factions,
His aim INDEPENDENCE, HUMANITY'S CAUSE;
His history dwells in his deeds and his actions,
A STATESMAN in peace, and an HERO in war.

Fond hearts to his shrine, oft shall bring their oblations,
Affection's best feelings his merits shall claim;
His victories shine as the beacon of nation's,
And Liberty triumph in WASHINGTON'S name.

JULY 4TH.

Across the seas a gallant few,
No pains, no threats could e'er subdue;

Whose hearts were staunch and valor true,
As pilgrims sought the shore.
Where beasts they prowl'd the forest shade,
Where red men o'er the country stray'd;
These valiant few were undismay'd,
Fair freedom to adore.

Soon o'er the wave with ruthless hand,
Lo! Edicts chase this little band;
Exacting tribute to demand,
And claim the right to sway.
The sword of freedom then they drew,
And to the winds the scabbard threw;
As through the land the mandate flew,
For battle to array.

In numbers few, in courage brave,
With hearts as dauntless as the wave:
They each would fill a freeman's grave,
Ere bow to Kingly pride.
Fair INDEPENDENCE was proclaim'd,
Throughout the world the act is fam'd;
Columbia wherever nam'd,
With honor 'tis allied.

Who rose as lion's from their lair,
Who did by sacred honor swear;
Who laid their manly bosoms bare,
To make the nation free.
Whose names in history shall shine,
Whose memory laurels shall entwine:
Whose cause and triumph was divine,
For all Humanity.

Should factions e'er to mar our joys,

Disunion's plans would fain devise;
Ye spirits of the past arise,
And sweep the fiend away.
Could he who freedom's host has led,
Or they who martyrs nobly bled;
See treason rear its hydra head,
'Twould fill them with dismay.

From every voice let this go forth,
We know no south, we know no north:
To rend the ties this day gave birth,
Or mar our jubilee.
Let freemen all united stand,
A solid phalanx through the land;
And bow to none but heaven's command,
To God and Liberty.

"Although ten thousand altars bear
From every one a different pray'r,"
At freedom's shrine may all declare;
True patriots to be.
May heaven ev'r smile and vict'ry's sun,
That shed its rays on WASHINGTON;
Arise each morn and find us one,
United, brave, and free.

LINES ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

The trees are bare and bleak the air,
The Summer's glories fled;
The leaves are scatter'd everywhere,
The flow'rs are droop'd and dead.
The birds have sought a sunny clime,
No more the warbler's sing;

And every spot denotes the time,
The seasons ever bring.

The harvests past the fruitful fields,
Most plenteously bestow;
And to the farmer amply yields,
While garners overflow.
Our people bless'd with rosy health,
The choicest gift of heav'n;
Surpassing every store of wealth,
That e'er to man was giv'n.
Our commerce spreads o'er land and sea,
Our ships in triumph sails;
Our wars are past, the nation's free,
And peace! blest peace prevails!

The tramp of war is heard no more,
To echo through the vales;
The garments that were dy'd in gore,
Have vanish'd with the gales.
And now we live to share the joy,
That patriots true did claim;
The freedom that their lives did buy,
Shall live in endless fame.

Our youth will shortly rule the land,
And we its scenes must leave;
'Twas ever so by nature plann'd,
That time should all bereave.
Then let the maxims that the sires,
So nobly did bequeath;
E'er kindle all with their desires,
For "Liberty or Death."

May virtue ever be the aim,

With youth for to contend ;
And on its basis always claim,
Their honor to defend.
When once intelligent and brave,
The world they need not fear ;
It may engage, but can't enslave !
Then wisdom all should steer.
While art and science all invite,
With welcomes to its shrine ;
Since knowledge is a nation's might,
May none this boon decline.

Its beacon is the mountain top,
Decision points the way ;
Pursue its course 'tis sweet to stop,
And through its beauties stray.
To gather laurels on its hills,
To wreath the brow with fame,
To drink deep at its crystal rills ;
And all its truth's proclaim.

Our flocks and herds in myriads graze,
With joy our hearts to greet ;
Their numbers all the world amaze,
Our comforts are complete.
Our boundaries stretch from shore to shore,
Resources they abound ;
And if we search the world all o'er,
Their equals can't be found.
Our vessels admiration call,
Most gallantly they sail ;
Our lakes and streams, rank first of all,
We've most of miles in rail.
Our government the model one ;

Our hopes and prospects fair;
Of all the land the sun shines on,
None can with ours compare.

Our rulers are our own consent,
To guide the ship of State;
We've mines and every element,
To make a nation great.

Success unto the nation's chief,
And officers all round;
E'er may their plans be just and brief,
Their hearts and honor sound.
May God above, our country shield,
And guide us in his way;
While all their time with pleasure yield,
Too keep thanksgiving day.

PEACE.

The Goddess of peace from her dwelling descending,
All rob'd in humility virtue and love;
Entwin'd hope and friendship, harmonious blending,
A foretaste of joys from the mansions above.

All sorrows were sooth'd, in her voice there was healing,
While commerce and plenty proclaiming her sway;
True knowledge and light, in her presence revealing,
The glories of science, their triumph's display.

The earth teem'd with fruits while no fell devastation,
Spread ruin around, nor no terrors were near;
Humanity smil'd, while the God of creation,
Strew'd mercies around with a bountiful cheer.

Shall wars curse the land, or ambition be straining,
Its aims and its factions to lead us astray;
With pride in the bosom for conquest exclaiming,
To lead us to slaughter and battle array.

Shall tyrants exalted with cruelty's sceptre?
Again crush our hopes and our pleasures dismay;
Bereave homes and hearts, fill our vision's with spectres,
And man in God's image, bow down unto clay.

Peace brings us its bliss, while its numerous blessings,
Profusely are springing in beauty and bloom;
Long! long! may its joys, all the world be possessing,
While discord is sunk in oblivion's tomb.

THE PRESS.

A nation's bulwark is not gold,
But hearts with valor true;
'Tis knowledge makes a nation bold,
Their liberties to view.
To safely guard a country's rights,
Its wrongs for to redress;
And at the root of error smite,
Give freedom to the press.

It adds unto the merchant's store,
And makes true merit shine;
Its voice resounds from shore to shore,
No limits can confine.
Whoever tried, has ever found,
To make its voice be less;
Must perish by the fierce rebound,
And justice of the press.

For to refine the human mind,
And grant its joys to all;
Its powers at once, we ever find,
Respond to duty's call.
When dangers drear, they hover near,
It succours our distress;
Its welcome voice disperses fear,
The brave, the valiant press.

The latest news, it heralds forth,
'Tis born on lightning's wing;
And from remotest parts of earth,
Intelligence does bring.
Inventions of the modern times,
Beside each style of dress;
While lectures, anecdotes and rhymes,
Are quoted by the press.

It does the hero's laurel wreath,
Around his brow entwine:
And to posterity bequeath,
True wisdom from each clime.
It points our thoughts, to joys on high,
Each freeman will confess;
It does his mind with hope supply,
And ever cheer the press.

Conservative its tone should be,
And ever far from fear;
Its scope untramel'd, bold and free,
Each hope and aim sincere.
Plain truth should ever lead the van,
Nor from it e'er digress;
The rights and liberties of man,
Are cent'red in the press.

May Heaven shield its thousand tongues!
In freedom may they flow;
Its noble voice dispersing wrongs,
To shield the land from woe.
To scatter wisdom all around,
Each home, and heart to bless;
May all the world be ever found,
With freedom of the press.

A CONTRAST.

Swiftly glides the morning,
Bringing on the noon;
Evening as warning,
Ushers in the gloom.
Night with sable cover,
All to darkness doom;
Perils ever hover,
Chasing to the tomb.

Morn in tints of glory,
Hails the rising sun;
Love with merry story,
Cheers the day along.
Eve with stars and pleasure,
Welcomes in the night;
Mercies beyond measure,
Charm us with delight.

Time is ever fleeting,
Sorrow is at hand;
Misery is seeking,
All alike to brand.
Joy is not for mortals,

In this fleeting breath ;
Soon within its portals,
All shall sleep in death.

Time and beauty steers us,
Woe for to beguile ;
Sympathy it cheers us,
Hope bids sorrow smile.
Life's a glorious treasure,
Wisdom's path then keep ;
Virtue yields true pleasure,
Death's delicious sleep.

Disappointment chases,
Vanities allure ;
Fate alike embraces,
Naught below is sure.
Years are as a river,
Floating down the stream ;
Lov'd ones all must sever,
Pleasure's but a dream.

Fortune oft's our choosing,
Whether drear or fair ;
Melancholy musing,
Leads us to despair.
Lambs are pleas'd with skipping,
Birds sing, squirrels play ;
Bees their honey sipping,
Chase dull scenes away.

Nature in its courses,
Shows alike to all ;
From its many sources,

Budd'ng, bloom and fall.
Man is born to sorrow,
"As sparks upward fly;"
Who may see to-morrow?
Who shall dare reply?

Many other lessons,
Nature does impart;
Leaving these impressions,
On the human heart.
Life is not for sadness,
Fill the cup of joy;
Drain the draught with gladness,
Bid all sorrows fly!

A CONTRAST.

Slander stains the purest breast,
Fills the heart with spleen and rancour;
Robs the mind of peace and rest,
Steals each joy and leaves a canker.

Truth's a glorious brilliant ray,
Makes the bosom glow with pleasure:
Independent, fair as day,
Present peace, and future treasure.

Slander e'er destroys all hope,
Fills the cup of life with sorrow;
Makes our thoughts from mercy slope,
Mars to-day, and dreads to-morrow.

Truth is candid pure and bright,
Conscious strength, the world defying;

Invincible, free as the light,
Hopeful, cheerful and undying.

Slander e'er has jealous eyes,
Sears and blunts the finest feeling;
Narrow minds all bliss destroys,
Crushes promise, lurks concealing.

Truth is noble, fearless, free,
Worth enhanc'd on close inspection;
Resistless, infinite decree,
Shield and armor of perfection.

Slander shrinks at truth on sight,
Mean and subtle seeks to scandal;
Shuns all pleasure and delight,
Acts at best, a modern vandal.

Truth's the richest rarest gem,
Beams that cheer us with illuming;
Lustre of the diadem,
Virtue, honor, unassuming.

Slander sinks below the brute,
Snake like in its slime to revel;
Stabs its victim sly and mute,
Hates itself, and apes the devil.

Truth shall everlasting bloom,
While error's bonds for aye are riven;
Its voice shall burst the silent tomb,
Its sire is God, its centre Heaven.

STANZAS.

TO MR. JAMES BUTCHER, AMSTERDAM, JEFF. CO., OHIO.

How pleasant and swift, glide the moments of pleasure,
To sweet meditation and musing applied;
An opportune season, I offer with pleasure,
A tribute where friendship and merit preside.

How pleasant and fair are the rays of the morning,
Whose tints gild the skies with each radiant hue;
Still transient and fleeting one moment adorning,
Another receding, they fade from the view.

'Tis so with the world, oft the brightest of faces,
Where friendship and candor seem blent in the smile;
As visions depart at adversity's traces,
The surface was sunny, the bosom was guile.

The joys of true friendship, no season can sever,
More bright are its beams, than the splendors of morn;
'Tis seldom in riches—an honest endeavor
Unfolds the fair gem and true virtue adorn.

On earth such are few, still it numbers such treasure,
Surpassing all language, or pen to define;
How aptly, how smoothly, how freely the measure,
Responds from the heart, all its merits are thine.

May friendship's pure blisses your bosom caressing,
Diffuse you its joys with life's sorrows to blend;
May Heaven in mercy, impart you its blessing,
Elate you with raptures, the wish of your friend.

THE AUTHOR.

LINES ON POTTERS' FIELD.

What though no splendor marks the spot,
Nor urn the humble record keep;
Time deals us all a common lot,
And statutes moulder as we sleep.

What though no studied cavalcade,
Consign'd them to their parent earth;
Does merit dwell in rank or grade,
Or riches equal moral worth?

Each life an history unfolds,
Who e'er the humblest aims may scan:
Know upright mein and christian mould,
But makes the hero, and the man.

Posterity, alike of all,
Shall in due time, o'er each decide;
Nor wealth, nor caste, attention call,
Nor virtue's tribute be denied.

MISERY.

Where is thy dreaded dreary glen,
Thou terror of the sons of men?
Is thy abode where want is known,
Where all forsaken and alone,
Reigns horror, woe and care?
Or is thy ruthless, heartless sway,
Where vice does every bliss decay?
Where words of kindness never flow,
Where virtue, honor, yields to woe,
And mercy to despair?

'Tis not alone, where want is known,
I plant my standard, base my throne;
Nor where despair in anguish moans,
Nor every spot where virtues flown,
From such a vicious den!
May rise at length a fervent pray'r,
And heavenly love may banish care;
As once a dying thief did sue,
The joys of paradise to view;
Or yield a Magdalen.

Say, is thy dwelling to be found,
Where heart's bereav'd and solemn sound?
Falls on the ear with deepest wail
While lips they quiver, spirits quail;
Away from scenes of joy!
Where death's cold hand and chilly throe
Has laid a friend forever low,
And caus'd a sad dismay o'er all;
That bitter cup each mortals fall,
Is this thy destiny?

Though death may hearts with anguish rend,
Where truth does with the spirit blend;
'Midst endless love it will appear,
The joys of a celestial sphere;
Does such to bliss invite
The final struggle, fatal throe
That closing pang for each below,
Breaks on the vision, death's dark pale,
Is past! and mercy lifts the veil;
In boundless realms of light!

Canst thou thy dreaded sting conceal

Beneath a panoply of steel?
Where pompous pride it fain would soar,
With conquest treachery and gore;
Say, canst thou nestle there?
Where triumph waves ambition's plume,
Whose smile can raise, whose frown can doom?
Who sways its legions with a nod.
Exalted as an earthly God!
Can'st thou reign rampant here?

Oft in the heart when blandest smiles,
With nonchalance and cunning wiles
May strive to steer a pleasant course,
Or quaff strong wine to drown remorse;
I plant a bitter sting!
The humble heart with grateful voice,
Array'd in virtue shall rejoice;
Bright hope, shall in the cottage dwell,
Truth and true merit shall excel;
While terrors seize the king!

This is thy mansion, hag of hate,
Thou wierd like terror, this thy fate;
Where solace never sheds a ray,
Of hope of an eternal day!
'Tis they who may deplore.
Where consolation never blooms,
To cheer the passage to the tomb;
Where man's best aims are fix'd on dross,
His heavenly hopes, his soul a loss:
When life is past and o'er.

FORTUNE.

Dame fortune is a fickle jade,
  Her path beset with doubts and fears;
Who woo's the ever changing maid,
  Who sips her joys, must share her tears.
The bravest men betimes may lack,
  And fortune smile on simple clowns;
Mankind at best's a motley pack,
  The world is made of ups and downs.

E'en sophistry awhile may shine,
  True worth may yield to pomp and show
The peacock struts in plumes so fine,
  The best of birds, fly 'neath the crow.
The sage oft ranks below the hind,
  And merit shrinks before the browns;
Equality! where will you find?
  The world is made of ups and downs.

The lords and vassals of the earth,
  Few rise from effort, most by chance,
Where wealth descended at the birth,
  They owe their all to circumstance
Professors claim a lofty part,
  And on the man of labor frowns;
Succeeding by the dint of art,
  The world is made of ups and downs.

The man who most of all has toil'd,
  Has but his blessing to bequeath;
The bee has all its efforts foil'd,
  While drones enjoy, his share is death.
Since fortune's hand is link'd with fate,
  Who mounts the summit of renown,

Must yield her treasures soon or late ;
The world is made of ups and downs.

Whose ancestry shone bright with fame,
Oft claims their laurels as his own ;
Whose sire was worthless, blind, or lame,
Such deeds were theirs, he stands alone !
What's aristocracy at most ?
Oft pride or wine their senses drowns ;
A vain assuming, useless host,
The world is made of ups and downs.

A few pretending critic folks,
Who guard the path to wisdom's throne ;
Styl'd connoisseurs ! a monstrous hoax,
P'rhaps not a page can call their own.
Too dull to soar reflection's heights,
They prate of logic, verbs and nouns ;
Pass as the fading meteor's light,
The world is made of ups and downs.

Give me the man who stands above,
The world's contention din and strife ;
Whose aims, whose actions ever prove,
The truth, the tenor of his life.
A voice to cheer, a hand to save,
Whose noble brow true honor crowns ;
Who'd scorn to kneel as fortune's slave,
The world is made of ups and downs.

THE RICH MAN.

His actions are written on honor's bright scroll,
Pure axioms alone are his aim;

True knowledge his jewels, nor glaring his stole,
To dazzle and vanity claim.
His diadem virtue, integrity pearls,
The soul is his casket to shield;
Each gem that reflection's bright treasure unfurls,
Discretion the weapon he wields.

His bosom with mercy abundantly teems,
Choice wisdom he treasures as store;
The tints of the sunset that play on the stream,
Invite him with rapture to soar.
Since all is ideal, since nothing is ours,
We vanish, to dust are consign'd;
Time passes, we perish, we fleet as the hours,
Immortal alone is the mind.

A conscience approving, a witness within,
Nor riches can ever impart;
'Tis rob'd in fair virtue, it dwells not with sin,
And springs from the truth of the heart.
Its source as a fountain eternal shall flow,
Omnipotence ever supplies;
Its promises lift us from sorrows below.
Its hope is a home in the skies.

A talent is cherish'd that never can fade,
Improved and enhanc'd in its worth;
He muses with joy on true merit repaid,
Nor sighs for the treasures of earth.
Life's transient completed the spirit has fled,
Away from caprices and care;
Where joys are eternal the soul it has sped,
And truth is the ruby we wear.

LINES ON THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

Let all in rapture praise the Pow'r,
That thus does lands unite:
And may each nation from this hour,
Their vows with honor plight.
The Pow'r who sends the lightning down,
Who rules o'er all below;
Has man with palms and triumph crown'd,
This boon for to bestow.
Unto the wisdom of the soul.
It yields its service free;
While art and science shall control,
Its path beneath the sea.
Though in its might, it man defies,
God wills it should diffuse;
(Through ocean's depths its meed supplies,)
With flaming tongue, the news.

Next swift to thought, it speeds its way,
On fiery wings of flame:
In majesty and dread array,
Its mission to proclaim.
Electric bands low in the deep,
Now span the ocean's shore;
This tenant of the skies shall sweep,
Its gloomy caverns o'er.
The thunder bolts at length obey,
Since genius bade them fly;
Invisibly this Heavenly ray,
To wisdom does comply.

In silence as we own the cause,
That space almost destroys;
Reflect and wonder ere applause.

Does from our lips arise.
Shall concord from the cable spring!
Or sordid aims abuse?
The fruit that earth each season brings,
And thus this gift misuse.
May God forbid and mercy guide,
This great and wondrous plan;
While wires connect us side by side,
May truth bind man to man.

"RENDER UNTO CEASAR, THE THINGS THAT ARE CEASAR'S."

Revered be the hero reposing in slumbers,
While lightning's are flying, o'er land and through sea;
Columbia exultingly adds to her numbers,
His name on the scroll of the noble and free.

Though lowly of birth, all the nation's rever'd him,
His fame it shall last, while the ocean doth roll;
As liberty's friend, all the world it shall cheer him,
And tyranny's foe from the depth of the soul.

'Twas heaven's high arch, electricity's dwelling,
Had baffled all science for centuries past;
'Twas Franklin who first in his wisdom excelling,
Like Columbus of old, he the "egg broke at last."

In silence he sleeps, while posterity praises,
Each message proclaiming that flashes along;
His name to the world through futurity's mazes,
Shall flourish while time in its circuit doth run.

HAPPINESS.

Happiness is a gem,
And pure virtue the stem;
Contentment abides at the root.
While temperance cleaves,
To its branches as leaves;
Mild charity grows as its fruit.

There true friendship presides,
And humanity guides;
With joys most resplendent and clear.
While true peace ever blends,
Each as brothers and friends;
To flourish and bloom all the year.

Faith and confidence join,
Kindest mercies combine;
Their glory and grace to bestow.
Consolation appears,
Inspiration it cheers;
Surpassing all blessings below.

May this plant ever grow,
In this valley below;
Its fragrance and joys to disclose.
'Tis a type we should prize,
Of a home in the skies;
A comfort to banish our woes;

Diligently then call,
On the Saviour of all;
To guard you to reach to its goal.
It will point you above,
Unto mansions of love;
And fill with sweet raptures the soul.

LOVE.

'Tis vain to portray or to paint,
Unless we first become acquaint;
But since it is a part of all,
None can complain since Adam's fall.
The world may say just what it will,
Dame nature will be nature still;
And from its era ever prove,
That all below should live and love.

Creation all in various ways,
The same propensity displays;
They woo and mate, they all agree,
In pleasure peace and amity.
The beasts who roam the forests wild,
In pairs unite quite reconcil'd;
And from the serpent to the dove,
They each and all have tasted love.

It rules us all, we all obey,
Each soul below has felt its sway;
It is the happiest of themes,
It both in saint and savage gleams.
It makes our lives and spirits cheer,
Its truest emblem is a tear;
Though far away our thoughts they rove,
Our very nature smiles at love.

Ah! who can call the lover weak?
When all below its raptures seek;
'Twas handed down from sire to son,
From time that was and is to come.
Ere earth's foundations first were laid,
Ere light it shone, or man was made;

It was supreme, all thought above,
Our very maker, "God is love!"

LOVE.

Love is a gem will ever bloom,
It never knows decay;
It lives again beyond the tomb,
When life has pass'd away.
It is a native of the skies,
A spark from heaven above;
The choicest, noblest, richest, prize,
E'er known below is love.
Affection's kindest mercies dwell,
Within each human breast;
Surpassing any tongue to tell,
Where'er it is possess'd.
It is the end and final goal,
Its emblem is the dove:
'Tis inspiration to the soul,
And best of treasures—LOVE.

FORGET ME NOT.

Farewell! Farewell! whatever clime,
Or fate may be thy lot;
One favor through the lapse of time
I ask? "Forget me not."

May mercy shield thee, chase each fear,
Nor guilt thy conscience blot;
The heartfelt wish, the silent tear
Proclaim! "Forget me not."

MARRIAGE.

The happy marriage may be thus defin'd,
Two hearts in unison two wills combin'd;
A sacred compact of united love,
A taste of rapture from the realms above.
Ordained by heaven our sorrows to assuage,
And cheer the pathway to declining age.
The open countenance, the beaming eye,
The gentle manner and the kind reply;
The mind ennobled and the constant heart,
Shall claim affection and content impart;
Go seek pure virtue, though in humble life,
And from its followers select a wife;
Long may she live your treasure and your pride,
Your pleasures double and your cares divide.

WOMAN.

Charming creature sylph like form,
Beauty's mould thy shape adorns;
Grace and love they fill those eyes,
Fairest gem of paradise!
Hope and solace to the heart,
'Tis thy mission to impart;
Thine to watch the bent of youth,
Mould the infant mind to truth,
Teach the little prattling voice,
Cheer the husband of thy choice;
Shed a charm around the spot,
Fortune deigns thee as thy lot.

Nature gave thee as a dow'r,
Chains to bind the strongest pow'r;

Lo! the savage of the wilds,
Leaps elate at woman's smiles.
Oft the brightest plume of fame,
Bows to thee a heart to claim;
Kings are smitten with thy charms,
Heroes cease from feats of arms.
'Tis thy voice can cheer the gloom,
From the cradle to the tomb;
Sink within the heart as dew,
Light as love the mind renew.
Strew our path with pure delight;
Constancy should thee requite.
Man beholds thy bright renown,
Shine most fair in virtue's crown;
Sympathetic cords entwine,
Love's united—most divine.

THE PARTING.

The bride was dres't in rich array,
With cheeks of rosy hue;
Her form was fairy like and gay,
Her heart was pure and true.
But Oh! such thoughts her bosom burn'd,
The parting hour was near;
A loving look on all she turn'd,
Though gazing through a tear.

It was a pearl of richest price,
Affection bade it flow;
In after years its silent voice,
Shall in times current show.
The husband view with manly pride.

The maid he lov'd so dear;
And fondly seated by her side,
In memory see the tear.

Away with costly useless toys,
That pomp around may throw;
Give me the pure the tender joys,
That make the bosom glow.
Give me the bliss from constance sprung,
Through time for to revere;
With thoughts and scenes that know no tongue,
But dwell within a tear.

ON A TEAR.

Oh! who shall paint that crystal drop!
When mercy bids it flow;
All language it must fail and stop,
The heart alone may know.
It starts for joy, it falls for woe,
It shows the mind sincere;
And when the bosom thrills with glow,
'Tis mirror'd in a tear.

In hopes bright mansions, there 'midst bloom,
It oft is known to fall;
In homes of misery and gloom,
Its force is felt by all.
At bridal festivals it steals,
Unseen, unbidden, near;
When death bereaves the widow feels,
The sad and silent tear.

In life's young morn it oft appears,

To moist the cheek of youth;
It dwells with anguish bliss and fears,
With constancy and truth.
When storms assail the gallant ship,
When all around is drear;
When solemn vows escape the lip,
The pledge is oft a tear.

Oh! tell me not of manhood's pride,
Of valor pomp or fame;
The bravest hero oft has sigh'd,
Who felt a sacred flame.
When love's first impulse warm'd the heart,
With sympathetic cheer;
It made our better feelings start
While rapture claim'd a tear.

It tells what language never can,
It is a type of peace;
The noblest tribute paid to man,
Within this gem we trace.
The brightest feelings of the soul,
With all we hold most dear;
Unbidden from its fountains roll
And glitter in a tear.

ON A KISS.

An unspeakable thrill,
Oft I cherish it still;
Nor my mind can be never remiss,
When I think on the glade,
Where I woo'd the fair maid;
Who rewarded my vows with a kiss.

Brightest joy of the soul,
Far surpassing the whole;
'Tis a foretaste of heavenly bliss.
While it solaces fear,
It is twin to a tear;
All the languages dwell in a kiss.

Oh! I ever shall greet,
The fond rural retreat;
Where our hearts were united—like this,
In rapture we sigh'd,
I call'd her my bride;
While the compact was sealed with a kiss.

May young tendrils caress,
The fond stem that they press;
Nor a leaf from its branches e'er miss.
Or if death should invade,
When we pass to its shade;
May we yield the last sigh on a kiss.

Both maidens and swains,
Their hearts 'twill explain;
And banish all fear and remiss.
Ye who doubt it, may try,
And united enjoy,
The magic, the charms of a kiss.

"IF GIFTS WERE GRACES."

If gifts were graces,
Should pretty faces;
Make such grimaces,
And pout and leer.

Eyes slyly winking,
Swains timid shrinking:
Maids little thinking,
Young cupid near.
With bliss elated,
Thus captivated:
Love is narrated,
The silent tear.
Brings consolation,
Frees hesitation:
Assimilations,
Each bosom cheer.

Were gold a treasure,
Gave constant pleasure:
At toil or leisure,
'Twould well repay.
'Midst glee and glory,
To sing its story;
Old wisdom hoary,
To cast away.
With fame delighted,
Ambition plighted;
Experience slighted,
And set aside.
Gay plumes adoring,
Merit ignoring:
Each wish exploring,
To take the tide.

Were shrewdness beauty,
Deceit a duty:
I'd never moot ye,
Might speed your way.

No conscience scaring,
No ties revering;
Nor future fearing,
Some distant day.
The force of sorrow,
Evading thorough;
And dread to-morrow,
With every care.
Smile at deception,
Avoid reflection;
And claim perfection,
Nor taste despair.

Choose truth forever,
Who would endeavor;
Its bonds to sever,
Let such depart.
Dissimulation,
Exaggeration,
Stains reputation,
And chills the heart.
The purest graces,
Shun evil places;
Time all effaces,
The silent call.
It ends all revel,
Dispute and cavil;
And to a level,
It brings us all.

Enough's the quantum,
Time but a phantom;
While mortals vaunt them,
Of countless store.

The cherish'd vision,
As in derision;
Flees with decision,
For evermore.
Hope e'er is vernal,
Truth reigns eternal;
The world's a journal,
Of joy and strife.
Extremes vexation,
Pride irritation;
And moderation,
The balm of life.

TO A FRIEND.

The bee seeks for honey,
To sip and enjoy;
He wanders through valley and dell,
The miser for money,
His peace to destroy;
And all his best feelings to quell.
As the bee among flow'rs,
Be happy and gay;
Wherever your lot may be cast.
Refreshing your powers,
With wisdom each day;
And joys that shine brightest at last.

The lamb gayly playing,
Unmindful of harm;
Ne'er dreams of the doom does await,
The coward is straying,
'Midst gloom and alarm;
His fears they add terror to fate.

As the lamb free from guile,
  In innocence pure;
With danger and sorrow no share.
  May Providence smile,
And keep you secure;
  Away from all grief and despair.

The bird sweetly singing,
  He soars for the sky;
To render his tribute of praise.
  The slanderer stinging,
Is vicious and shy;
  While misery numbers his days.
As the bird you may soar,
  That aims for the sun;
Thy virtues and deeds to record,
  When your days they are o'er,
To hear a "Well done
  Go enter the joy of thy Lord."

May hope and contentment,
  E'er cheer you along;
Since God for each act will requite.
  Avoid all resentment,
Temptations or wrong;
  Your conscience or honor to blight.
'Tis ever a treasure,
  A heart that is true;
No clime the affection destroys.
  It charms beyond measure,
E'er blooming anew;
  The first of mortality's joys.

A talent is given,

Each one to improve:
And one that can never decay.
A native of heaven,
A spark from above;
Resides in this temple of clay.
Then add to its beauty,
Ere harvest shall come;
Preserve it unsullied and clean.
Love, mercy and duty,
E'er guide to that home:
Where all is divine and serene.

THE ROSE.

The rose is far the fairest flow'r,
Its perfume scents the air:
Its blossoms dignify the bow'r,
With grace and beauty rare.
Its boughs that round the harbor twine,
Each passing zephyr woos;
Where humming birds so gay recline,
And butterflys repose.
Its opening buds an emblem shows,
With elegance allied:
Ere blushing lovely blooms disclose,
The gardens palm and pride.
Its tints surpass all works of art,
When bath'd in morning dew;
And choicest odors does impart,
To cheer and charm the view.
It seems when drooping on the stem,
As smiling on the gloom;
While fading still this precious gem,
Sheds fragrance o'er the tomb.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO EVERY LOVER OF THEIR COUNTRY.

Hoist your proud banner, the emblem of glory,
As free as the breezes in beauty unfurl'd;
Millions of freemen shall smile at its story,
Its stars with effulgence shall dazzle the world.

CHORUS.

Hoist your proud banner o'er land and o'er sea,
Shout your Hosanna's, the Nation is free.

Forgot be all discord, forgave harsh opinions,
With hearts firm united each loyal and brave;
While Liberty smiles o'er our cherished dominions,
We sigh for the fallen who perish'd to save.

CHORUS.

Hoist your proud banner o'er land and o'er sea,
Shout your Hosanna's, the Nation is free.

God grant our blest country, no despot can sever,
Preserve us we pray thee, the hope of each clime;
Protect us with peace and with plenty forever,
A refuge, a triumph of truth beyond time.

CHORUS.

Hoist your proud banner o'er land and o'er sea,
Shout your Hosanna's, the Nation is free.

MOONLIGHT.

Softly falls the moon's pale light,
Upon the glassy sea;
It gently rules the silent night,
And casts a charming radiance bright;
Across the grassy lea.

The lake reflects its gentle beams,
And mirrors them most fair;
The stars appear with richest gleam,
And glitter in the crystal stream;
Like diamonds sparkling there.

The spangled skies are seen below,
The moon is there portray'd;
Or clouds obscure its pleasant glow,
Betimes across its splendor flow;
At others faintly shade.

The maiden loiters in the grove,
Her swain is by her side;
Their minds are soaring up above,
And by its light he plights his love;
And claims her as his bride.

It shines upon each native hill,
Where all in childhood play'd;
It makes our recollections thrill,
We think the glories brighter still;
Its first impressions made.

With equal grace it deigns to all,
An equal, ample share;
The wretched who in sorrow fall,
Its rays to joys would fain recall;
And point to mercy there.

Roll on fair empress, lend thy ray!
To cheer the sable gloom,
Still guide our path while here we stay;
Until thy gentle shadows play,
Around the silent tomb.

ECHO.

There is a fairy o'er the hills,
It dwells far o'er the dales;
It bounds o'er streams and gushing rills,
And past the flow'ry vales.

It flies aloft, it passes oft,
O'er land, o'er lake and sea;
Its voice is musical and soft,
It speeds unchain'd and free.

I oft have listen'd when a boy,
To hear this fairy flee;
It oft has made me thrill with joy,
Its form none e'er can see.

'Tis light as air, perhaps as fair,
You all have heard it sound;
It flies as lightning everywhere,
Still never can be found.

ON CHILDHOOD.

In reverie often I muse,
How childhood's gay morning was spent;
Where each life's gay pictures would choose,
Enjoying the sweetest content.
Our hopes all were cent'red in joys,
With peace and simplicity crown'd;
Our riches consisted in toys,
While seasons flew merrily round.

When spring deck'd the meadows with green,
The birds, Oh! how sweetly they sung;

While lambs gaily tripping were seen,
The valley with melody rung.
Our hearts were as blythsome as they,
While echo to add to the scene;
Resounded so merry and gay,
The fame of the village May queen.

In summer we sought the cool shade,
Where daises were spread o'er the lawn;
Or stray'd through the valley and glade,
Enjoying the fragrance of morn.
Delight in our bosoms arose,
Exulting with triumph and joy:
Each glance some new scene would disclose,
'Twas happy to roam when a boy.

In autumn when harvest appear'd,
So merry our ecstacy grew;
With fruits amidst frolics we cheer'd,
How swiftly the moments they flew.
Such artless simplicities please,
Makes childhood to glide as the stream:
With scenes of contentment and ease,
'Tis bliss in rehearsing the theme.

Next winter had joys in great store,
How gay in such revels we'd pride:
Though frosts they were chilly and hoar,
In triumph to merrily slide.
The aged may shiver and sigh,
While youth would with ecstacy glow:
As one raise their voices on high,
To loudly huzza for the snow.

As manhood approaches we leave,

The scenes that we ever hold dear;
To customs and fashions we cleave,
With habits secluded and drear.
The world it may show us a smile,
'Tis mix'd with a bitter alloy;
True happiness dwells not in guile,
Oh! give me the heart of the boy.

HOME.

There is an altar brighter far,
Than sunny skies or lilies fair;
'Tis more resplendent than a star,
This sacred spot in beauty rare.

'Twas there I clasp'd a mother's hand,
'Twas there a sister's lips I pres'd;
'Twas brilliant as a fairy land,
While pleasure hush'd my cares to rest.

The woodbine there its fragrance lent,
And roses fair bedeck'd the scene;
Around the cottage shone content,
While peace it reign'd o'er all serene.

Attracted thus we fondly staid,
Our toys were treasures more than gold;
In joy so happy there we play'd,
With not a wish beyond its fold.

With tops or marbles ever gay,
While Siss with dolls beguil'd the time;
Our life was as a summer's day,
Where merry birds their music chime.

'Tis sweet to think, 'tis sweet to know,
A spot on earth where'er we stray;
To love and cherish free from woe,
In memory fresh to ne'er decay.

Just as the compass does incline,
To point the way where'er we roam;
The heart it bends toward its shrine,
In sweet remembrance of a home.

THE INFANT'S DREAM.

It slumbering in the cradle lay,
A talent unto mortals given;
A vital spark in infant clay,
The image of the God of Heav'n.

It sweetly sleeps, the gentle smile
Is playing on its dimpled cheek;
Its vision all unknown to guile,
Is one all language fails to speak.

Perchance around from realms above,
Are kindred spirits, purest joys;
Where once in ecstacy and love,
It dwelt as they in paradise.

Or haply stray'd in Eden's bow'rs,
Where endless raptures ever flow;
'Midst vernal beauty, bloom and flow'rs,
Away from sorrow, sin and woe.

It sweetly sleeps, some fairy hand
Its fancy clasps with blissful cheer:
A bright angelic angel band,

May now in glory hover near.

Oh! mother watch that youthful form,
A precious talent slumbers there;
Its artless innocence shall warm,
Thy tender heart and cheer thy care.

'Tis thine, the trust, the twig incline,
And may thy toils, be richly paid:
Through after years in age to find,
An ample shelter 'neath its shade.

It starts amaz'd, it looks around,
The spell is broke, the charm is fled;
While hurried steps in discord sound,
It fain would fly, it cries in dread.

The hand of mercy, bliss supplies,
A tender mirror, love displays;
When looking in its mother's eyes,
A smiling cherub, meets the gaze?

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

So soon it passed from earth away,
It new not grief or care;
The summons came it could not stay,
But why should he despair?
It lives again in light and love,
'Tis free from grief or pain
It passed from us to Christ above,
In bliss with him to reign.
Farewell! sweet bud of hope and joy,
Our sorrows none can tell;
Still he who reigns o'er all on high,
"He doeth all things well."

A LEISURE HOUR.

Here on the mountain's giddy height,
Whose lofty summit thron'd in light;
First greets the morning's ray.
Reflects the splendors of the east.
Presents for all a mental feast;
And hails the source of day.

The glowing landscape meets my view,
Array'd with tints of every hue;
Romantic cliff and dale.
Fair as when first the knell of time.
Peal'd forth with majesty sublime;
Or breath'd the fragrant gale.

Here on the mount where none intrude,
To mar the joys of solitude;
The mind may freely soar.
To gaze on majesty supreme,
Entranc'd, enraptured, with the theme:
Omnipotence adore.

Deep silence reigns around me—save,
The song of birds, the rippling wave;
Speeds glittering, gliding by.
The rill in accents murmurs sweet,
And echo as it sounds repeat;
Inspires felicity.

Oft crown'd with snow its height appears,
Braves storms and tempests, ages, years;
Oft clad in rich array.
Exclusive own'd by boasting man?
It stands confuting claims and clan,
The creatures of a day.

Long ere proud CESAR on his throne,
Declar'd the universe his own;
Or CANUTE o'er the sea.
His sceptre stretch'd with kingly pride,
And bade the swelling waves subside;
The elements were free.

The cattle on a thousand hills,
The voices of a thousand rills:
Each flower that gems the sod.
The sun that paints the lofty skies,
And clouds that o'er the welkin flies,
Are trophies of a God.

Vain man, frail mortal of an hour,
Usurps supremacy and power:
His fellows to subdue.
God in his image made us all;
'Twas man created LEIGE and THRAL.
And first distinction drew.

Clad in rich verdant robes of green.
Again these lofty heights are seen:
Again the hand of time,
Displays bright promise hope and joy,
To lift the musing mind on high:
To majesty sublime.

Oh time thou mentor, sentient earth,
Thy silent language—type of birth:
Though winter's storms decay.
Proclaims as emblems, beauty, bloom,
Of resurrection from the tomb:
And everlasting day.

Awake, arise, each mental power,
Again embrace the leisure hour;
To meditate and muse.
And thou the source of light and love,
Thou fount of wisdom high above,
Again thy joys diffuse.

What types and trophies here present,
For contemplation and comment;
How chang'd from grave to gay.
Proofs emblematic, God is just,
Arise proclaiming from the dust;
His universal sway.

When time's no more, when fate's decree,
Shall set the humble spirit free,
And banish every woe;
Equality and purest joy,
Shall greet the virtuous on high,
Where living waters flow.

Tho' pomp may rank o'er moral worth,
And merit fail below on earth;
In God we may confide.
A source, a bliss that never fails,
A silent witness, cheers, prevails,
Where duty is our guide.

The miser with his hoard of gold,
His mind is poor, his bosom cold;
His life is spent in vain.
His hopes are phantoms, fears preside,
Posterity shall soon decide;
His Idol was his bane.

This life's a journey at the best,
We all desire an equal rest;
Beyond this transient home.
The earnest yearning of the soul,
Prompts, points, most ardent for the goal;
In hope of bliss to come.

One God, the Sire and Lord of all,
Hero and Monarch, Thane and Thral;
Where'er their place of birth.
Metes out his fiats, equal, just,
And all commingle with the dust
Consign'd alike to earth.

Cease, cease, all railings, edicts, awe,
Since birth and death by nature's law:
Are equal and the same,
The man shall never taste of joy,
But sip the cup of base alloy;
Who thwarts a worthy aim.

Presumptous and despotic man,
Time, fleeting time, shall mar thy plan;
A still and silent voice.
Each honest upright heart inhales,
Eternal justice pois'd the scales;
The humble may rejoice.

A spark within our being reigns,
Despots and tyranny disdains;
Eternal as the Sire!
Who in our nature breathed a soul,
None may destroy, none may control!
And bade the mind aspire.

The light of freedom here we find,
  Created with the human mind;
Truth stands the high behest.
  Wisdom for all her scroll unfurl'd,
In types and figures o'er the world:
  A monitor! the breast.

Honor to he, the chief, the sage,
  Who brav'd the storm, the battles rage;
Undaunted, fearless, free.
  His acts above all earthly aim.
Our benefactor stood to claim:
  His cause! Humanity.

Virtue and truth his deeds combine,
  United hearts at victory's shrine;
Each own'd him as a friend.
  Where freedom's standard is unfurl'd,
His name shall echo through the world:
  And gratitude ascend.

Let canons peal o'er hills remote,
  The trumpet sound its shrillest note;
Each patriot a lay.
  While banners in proud triumph wave,
To cheer the memory of the brave,
  And greet his natal day.

Millions of hearts responds as one,
  To laud Columbia's noble Son
And hail th' auspicious morn!
  That Heav'n to save, to shield the land,
And lead the brave heroic band;
  A WASHINGTON was born.

Who as a star, benignly bright,
That shines to cheer the shades of night:
Where sable glooms preside.
When darkness did the sky deform,
Rose as a beacon in the storm,
A solace and a guide.

Who reigns still in the people's hearts,
Who bids the thrill of freedom start;
All honor to his name!
Time as it flies shall lustre give.
His deeds, his history shall live:
Within the niche of fame.

Long may her blessings be enjoy'd,
His truth, experience, a guide;
Should dangers hover nigh.
E'er may his precepts point the way
And wisdom as the light of day,
Inspire us from on high.

Freemen united stand as one,
And claim "E Pluribus Unum!"
Their motto, and their pride!
He who would fain this fabric mar,
Ye fates pronounce ANATHEMA!
Who would these bonds divide?

Fair independence! may thy rays,
With brilliance of the noon day blaze;
Descending from above.
Shed round thy joys, to cheer the brave,
And grant the fetters of the slave:
Dissolve 'midst light and love.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

Farewell all! adieu forever,
Comrades my career is o'er;
From you all, I now must sever,
Parting from you evermore.
See me fainting, bleeding, dying!
Fellow soldiers heed me well,
On your noble hearts relying;
These my passing words to tell.

Friends in weal, in woe and sorrow,
How I mark that starting tear;
Grieve no more, for lo, to-morrow!
Laurels crown your bright career.
Tell my parents when returning,
To your own, to your native shore;
How the thought my brain was burning,
They in sorrow would deplore.

Tell my Sire, I well remember,
All his kindness, all his joy;
How he oft in accents tender,
Fondly blest his only boy.
Tell my mother how I cherish,
All her virtues, all her prayers;
Ere I sank and there to perish,
Blighted hopes, and anxious cares.
Fame it dazzled with its brightness,
O'er my mind with magic glow;
Fortune in her fairy likeness,
Wooing, whisper'd, onward, Go!

Youth is warm, ambition cheer'd me,
War's alarms they thrill'd my ear;

Patriotic zeal it steer'd me,
Here to serve my country dear.
Tell my sisters, Heaven spare them,
All their sighs and bitter tears;
Every gentle blessing share them,
Send them long and happy years.

Mark me well, I now am telling,
Still my bosom feels a pride;
Lovely creature, all excelling,
Charming maid, my promis'd bride!
Tell her when my soul was leaving,
Soon to seek another sphere;
For her welfare deeply grieving,
Still my love was most sincere.
May true joy her spirit blessing,
O'er her daily paths entwine;
Hope and peace, her mind caressing,
Yield her mercies most divine.
Take this ring, the parting token,
Emblem of ne'er ending love;
By grim death alone 'twas broken,
One day may we meet above.
By our vows and all that's leal,
Still this heart is strict and true;
To my fairest, bright ideal,
Bear my last and fond adieu.

Hark! I hear a voice is crying,
Lo! I see the city's fell;
O'er its walls our banners flying,
Welcome death, since all is well.

Stand aside, the sun 'tis fading,

Still my thoughts, my mind is clear;
Charming hues and fairest shading,
On the horizon appear.
Splendid orb of brilliant glory,
Lend thy rays to cheer the brave;
O'er these plains now fam'd in story,
Beam upon the soldier's grave.

EPITAPH.

In silence obscure, hosts of soldiers are sleeping,
Far, far from all kindred, these heroes are laid;
No stone marks the spot, nor no willow is weeping,
Inviting affection to pause at its shade.

Ye sons of affluence, whom fortune caresses,
Oh! list to the widow and orphan's appeal;
Encourage their efforts, relieve their distresses,
And heaven will hallow the treasures you deal.

Urge on the aspiring, the patriot falling,
Has shielded the nation, its kindness is due;
A voice from each grave, to your honor is calling,
Remember our loved ones, we perished for you.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

She faded as an early rose,
The spirit did depart;
The cherish'd form in deep repose
Is laid, the constant heart
Beats not again, those brilliant eyes
Are closed, the lips are pale,

She bade adieu to earthly joys—
Life's brittle thread, how frail.

She faded in life's early morn,
Hope, gladness, changed to gloom;
The wreath that should the bride adorn,
Must wither on the tomb.
The future joy, the promised love,
The one so pure, so fair,
Has pass'd from earth, faith points above,
To meet a Saviour there.

MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.

Shade of patriotic glory,
Relic of the noble dead:
First in honor, fam'd in story,
Chief who freedom's host has led.
O'er thy tomb, through time forever,
May green laurels e'er entwine;
He who would the nation sever,
First should gaze upon thy shrine.

Often shall the stranger's blessing,
O'er thy hallow'd memory fall;
Exiles from each shore expressing
Thanks to him who welcom'd all.
Hearts to thee with true devotion,
Oft with feelings most sincere;
While they praise thee with emotion,
To thy virtues drop a tear.

Model of self denial,
Soldier of the fairest fame;

Prov'd oft in a fi'ry trial,
Hero of a deathless name.
Ages shall thy valor cherish,
Time shall point all hearts to thee;
Deeds like thine can never perish,
Champion of Liberty.

Oft perchance thy noble spirit,
Fondly views thy native race;
May they ever all inherit,
All thy genius, all thy grace.
While the ocean rolls its waters,
All thy triumphs shall adore;
Fair Columbia's sons and daughters,
Praise their chieftain evermore.

WILLIAM PENN—FRIEND OF LIBERTY.

ACROSTIC.

W herever honor does a temple rear,
I n triumph there his noble deeds are heard;
L ong shall posterity his name revere,
L ove, truth and justice own the signal word.
I n joy his mandates were by all obey'd,
A lone his treaties were preserved unbroke;
M ercy and virtue in his cause arrayed,

P eace beam'd where e'er his honest wish was spoke.
E ach heart elated at the name of Penn,
N or over plighted faith again despairs:
N oblest of heroes—monument to men,

F rom as one voice, Old Keystone loud declares.
R espected, honor'd, red men own'd him sire,

I ndigence cheerfully its tribute paid;
E 'en envy shrank unwilling to conspire,
'N eath freedom's fabric he so nobly laid.
D eath claim'd his spirit, unto him he bow'd,

O 'er him a nation dropt a silent tear;
F riend of humanity who thus endow'd,

L ife, peace and liberty, where all was drear,
I n history's annals long his name shall dwell,
B less'd, lov'd and honor'd over all the earth;
E steem'd and cherish'd it shall proudly tell,
R emotest ages of departed worth.
T he name of despots be a by-word, when
Y outh, age and honor, laud the noble Penn.

LINES ON THE LATE DR. KANE.

Green be the laurrls o'er his tomb,
While roses lend their sweet perfume;
And true affection cheer the gloom,
Of they who mourn.
The hero fallen in his bloom,
To ne'er return.

Who sought the noble true and brave,
Undaunted o'er the stormy wave;
A long lost mariner to save,
With anxious zest.
Return'd alas! to find the grave,
His final rest.

Exalted may his spirit rise,
In triumph to its native skies;

To seek the bliss that time defies,
As grief or pain.
And there to reign 'midst endless joys,
Immortal Kane!

Who as the eagle in his flight,
That soars above each giddy height;
To search the deep abyss of light,
Nor thought of fear.
In joy he views with raptur'd sight,
The azure sphere.

Whose mind elate in fancy's eye,
Beheld hope's rainbow in the sky;
And struggling on with fate to vie,
He sought the shore
Where Arctic's crystal glaciers lie,
In quest of lore.

The goal attain'd, the conquest done,
Columbia laments her son;
The tomb must wear the wreath he won,
The silent plain,
Contain his corpse, his race is run,
Adieu to Kane!

In words of light, on history's page,
His name shall stand from age to age;
As hero, mariner and sage,
Assurance gives.
The nation's sorrow to assuage,
He ever lives.

A DREAM.

'Twas eve and the sun had gone down in the west,
All nature was still and all mortals at rest:
When labor was ended, so quickly I came,
To the arms of old Morpheus and fell in a dream.

A vision appear'd, 'twas a youth and a sage,
His head it was white and was hoary with age;
While the youth he did sigh, nor from tears could refrain,
In anguish and sorrow, he thus did complain.

Thus far I have striven, bereft of success,
My learning is little and deep my distress;
My hopes are all blighted, my mind full of care,
My heart it is sighing in utter despair.

I cannot read latin, or understand greek,
Or any such languages, learned men speak;
My mind, it for fame and wealth does incline,
Still both are forbidden to ever be mine.

'Twas thus he did murmer and then spoke the sage,
Young man if you'll listen, I'll read you a page;
From a book that is open to all sorts of men,
'Tis the volume of nature, the era, the end.

I know it will lead you to knowledge and truth,
And now is the season, the days of your youth;
So cease for to sorrow in trouble and care,
Rise! trust your Creator and never despair.

If learning you've little, 'tis here there is lore,
If wealth you are wishing, 'tis here there is more;
The knowledge of God is the brightest of all,
In sorrow and trouble your mind cannot fall.

He is lord of the sea, he is lord of the land,
He is lord of creation, his works they are grand:
"He feeds the young ravens," he cares for us all,
And without his knowledge, "a sparrow can't fall."

Oh! trust to his goodness, what have you to dread,
For know that he's number'd each hair of your head;
He knows all our wishes, in manner and form,
He dwells on the waters, he reigns in the storm.

Each plant and each flower, declare him supreme,
Each grove and each bower, they show us the same;
He hushes the tempest to cease and be still,
His power it is equal, alone to his will.

There was once an hero, who came to this shrine,
His wealth was but little, his wish was divine;
With the wings of the morning, he oft did arise,
He struggled with science, his theme was the skies.

He watch'd o'er the storm, while the thunders did peal,
He found that the lightning's electrified steel;
To the lovers of wisdom, its scroll he unfurl'd,
His deeds did instruct and astonish the world.

His name you all know, and with pleasure I tell,
That pride and proscription in him did not dwell;
Plain truth was his motto, devoid of pretence,
The world it admir'd him for good common sense.

His merit all saw, and his knowledge of things,
Pronounced him a master! He stood before Kings;
His wish for fair freedom, o'er all did preside,
This friend of humanity lives, though he died.

Not so, when the millionare comes to the sod,
He's gone and forgotten, for gold was his God!
'Tis well that for man, there is one common end,
It makes all feel equal, all have to depend.

Farewell! May God speed you, go on my young friend,
Let truth be your motto, trust God to the end;
Whilst virtue and honor, may guide you through time.
To the mansions of bliss, may your spirit consign.

HENRY CLAY.

While genius in his eye shone bright.
His form was drawn to stately height;
His voice with courage did inspire,
His eloquence was nature's fire.
He frown'd, it seem'd each mind to start,
He smil'd, 'twas sunshine to the heart;
He hoped, their ecstacy arose,
He doubted, it gave place to woes,
He held the future up to view,
He scenes of old, created new;
He charm'd the mind with magic spell,
His conquests time shall proudly tell,
To history's page his name's consign'd,
The hero of a noble mind.

AN ALLEGORY

On my pillow as reclining,
In slumbers sweet consigning,
My spirit it was joining,
With a bright angelic lay.

In rapture it was burning,
'Midst celestial joys sojourning;
This terrestial temple spurning,
For the realms of endless day.

On the wings of fancy soaring,
The deep abyss exploring;
Where the seraphs were adoring,
My thought it onward sped.
Such scenes they met my vision,
Such harmony, precision:
Former pleasures seem'd derision,
Ev'ry wish of earth had fled.

'Midst scenes of light and glory,
I beheld an allegory;
As they chanted of its story,
Where no sorrow it could come.
Saints in countless legions bending,
Deck'd with palms their joys were blending;
While their voices were ascending,
Unto Heaven's lofty dome.

Far surpassing earth's best pleasures,
Were their blissful tuneful measures:
From their pure eternal treasures,
They did thus their homage pay.
The moon and planets joining,
In the ether vault were shining:
The sun its light divining,
Lent to distant worlds its ray.

As amaz'd, I kept advancing,
Its bliss my mind entrancing;

My eye in wonder glancing,
Such grandeur to perceive.
The streams were purest crystal,
More fair than aught terrestial:
The glories so celestial,
No mortal could conceive.

Wreaths of amaranths were blooming,
The boundless realms perfuming;
While brilliance was illuming,
The bright refulgent plain.
Enamour'd with discerning,
My soul in rapture burning;
With ardent wishes yearning,
Lost paradise to gain.

A form of light appearing,
Its voice my spirit cheering;
Astounded and revering,
I drew enraptured nigh.
So fain so earnest pressing,
So anxious for possessing
An everlasting blessing,
It gracious did reply.

Beginning it was never,
No end our joys shall sever;
Unfading and forever,
Immortal and sublime.
Our blisses are eternal,
This source supreme, supernal;
Dispenses joys diurnal,
On the fleeting spheres of time.

Accumulated treasure,

Oft mars the choicest treasure ;
Yields evils beyond measure,
To flatter and decoy.
The zenith of ambition,
To all, and each condition ;
Presents a false position,
To dazzle and destroy.

Where fortune's favor glances,
Oft vanity advances ;
Humanity entrances,
In selfishness and pride.
Forgetting all is fickle,
Till death's relentless sickle ;
As sunbeams the icicle,
Of splendor quick deride.

Who has an humble spirit,
Whose riches are true merit ;
These mansions shall inherit,
Where love and mercy sway.
Pure virtue unassuming,
Shall reign for ever blooming ;
Where brilliance is illuming,
'Midst never ending days.

Though thy robes were sacerdotal,
Still forbidden are these portals ;
While united to a mortal,
Ere the vital spark is fled.
Behold this revelation !
Go ! in duty fill thy station ;
"First join the sleeping nations,
In the cities of the dead."

Down on the azure gazing,
The planets faint were blazing;
The sun in grandeur raising,
Resplendently and clear.
On the wings of morn descending,
With this earthly temple blending;
Thus this brilliant vision ending,
I sought this fleeting sphere.

LINES ON AN UNKNOWN STATUE.

A sculptor's labor here displays,
The hero in a statue!
(Who liv'd 'midst fame in other days)
To emulate, or flatter?

Its form is lythe, its features rare,
A glance may 'scape detection;
Its sylph like symmetry compares,
With ideal's perfection.

Its classic shape may well surprise,
Its model charm a stoic;
Its silent form with beauty vies,
In attitude heroic.

Some chieftan of a gallant race,
Long since life's stage departed;
Whose merits claim a lasting place,
Whose deeds were noble hearted.

Or gold perchance this statue rear'd,
To mark where pomp resided;
Whose word was once obey'd and fear'd,
Whose acts ambition guided.

Its lips are mute, its vision seal'd,
Vain thought! shall statues e'er aspire?
No light through august pomp's reveal'd,
Its splendor lacks the sacred fire.

While God like forms who "breathe and burn,"
With nature's fire reflected;
Shall pass no statue tombs or urn,
E'er rise for them erected.

A statue still shall stay behind,
Posterity shall cherish;
The standard of a noble mind,
Shall live when statues perish.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER A WALK.

IMPROMPTU.

As through fragrant dells I wander,
O'er my mind such raptures steal;
Whilst I glance around and ponder,
Each fresh beauty to reveal.
All the harmonies of nature,
Meet my gaze, where'er I stray;
Ever in the humblest creature,
Wisdom reigns in rich array.

As I view the lofty mountains,
Summits peering next the skies:
Or the vale, whose crystal fountains,
Soothing streams for all supplies.
Love is there with ample pleasures,
Every floweret grace displays;
Fields abound with countless treasures,
Smiling in the sunny rays.

Man the Lord of all creation!
Only murmuring seems to sigh;
E'er ungrateful in his station,
Sordid aims his bliss destroy.
Riches scar the hearts of many,
Envy makes its thousands mourn;
Glad I spend an hour from any,
Nature's glories to discern.

All around is brightly beaming,
What with nature can compare;
Cheering, budding, blooming, teeming,
Mercy reigns forever there.
Like the leaf in autumn searing,
Man shall wither, droop and fade:
Each in turn still disappearing,
Lowly in the earth are laid.

As in spring again returning,
Buds and promise greet the eye;
Shall the spark within us burning,
Rise again to never die.
Faith elates us with its mercies,
Truth shall cheer through death's dark pale;
Doubting, fearing, peace disperses,
Trust in God to lift the veil.

TO WISDOM.

Choicest gift of all below,
Rarest gem beneath the skies;
Lend thy rays, awake thy glow,
Bid thy sacred flame arise.

Brightest stores of noblest truth,
To my aid I fain would call;
Inspiration warm as youth,
To thy lays, I'd bring them all.

Had I skill with thee to soar,
Then I'd paint in fancy's form;
Fleeting time and mercy's shore,
Cataract, and thunder storm.

Far above to realms of light,
Where I see the azure blue;
To the regions of the night,
There its wondrous scenes to view.

All the mercies I behold,
Beauties of the stars and sun;
Boons and blessings far untold,
Ere this mortal race is run.

Then its spark I'd fain resign,
When this earthly path is trod:
To its source supreme, divine,
With the ever living God.

ON A BOOK.

Rays of light, and mercy beaming,
Thoughts that charm, and words that cheer;
Merit, grace and virtue gleaming,
Make thy pages ever dear.

Lovely views of art reposing,
Gems of ocean, sunny skies;
Holy love and peace disclosing,
Stream of science, living joys.

Soothing strains of mercy tender,
Brightest laurels, scenes of yore;
Honors scribe, and faith's defender,
Freedom's guardian, rock of lore.

Flowers of earth, and type of gladness,
Sages triumph, guide of youth;
Balm of life, dispersing sadness,
Die to stamp the mind with truth.

History of men and nations,
Knowledge to instruct, refine;
Noblest, rarest, choice, quotations,
Abilities from wisdom's shrine.

Silent monitors revealing,
Deeds of valor, joys divine;
Inspiration's brightest feeling,
Live and through all ages shine.

ON A BUTTERFLY.

Little rover blythe as May,
Sporting in the summer's ray;
Light as mirth, and free as air,
Tasting pleasures, shunning care.

Hues more fair than silken dye,
Paint thy wings, gay butterfly;
Dreary storms to thee unknown,
Dwelling 'neath the sunny zone.

Ephemereal of an hour,
Flitting on from flow'r to flow'r;

Where the gentle zephyrs blow,
Ever passing to and fro.

Happy roam in cupid's bow'rs,
Rock'd in roses pass thy hours;
Sweetest odors scent thy throne,
Fairy of the sunny zone.

When the wintry winds they blow,
Nature shields thee from the snow;
Close entranc'd in silent bliss,
Slumbering in a chrysalis.

ON THE CLOUDS.

Fairy visions ever fleeting,
Passing on from clime to clime;
While the sun's reflection greeting,
Decks their forms with hues sublime.
Flying, floating, ranging, low'ring,
Skimming o'er the azure blue;
Proud, majestic, wand'ring, tow'ring,
Ever moving, always new.
Now it seems the cliffs embracing,
Soon its fleecy vapors rise;
Sporting through the air and tracing,
Radiant beauty in the skies.
Oft the storm its mass disperses,
Then at times the wind and rain;
Suddenly its course reverses,
While their waters drench the plain
Many similies it teaches,
As the lofty vault it flies;
Such uncertain storms and breaches,

In life's journey ever rise.
Fortune smiles or fate confounds us,
Glee or woe our mind enshrouds;
Fickle joys or griefs surround us,
Life's as changing as the clouds.

LOVE NOT.

Love not! ah no—'tis ever vain,
The captious frail pretender;
Whose smile is transient, but to gain,
Whose glance an INNUENDO.
Adore alone the artless maid,
Whom nature decks with beauty:
In truth and innocence array'd,
Who heeds the voice of duty.

Love not! ah no—the sparkling bowl,
Though friendly hands present it;
But misery awaits its goal,
Avoid it—or, resent it.
Fair temperance surpasses all,
Enjoyment—not abusing;
Ere habit does the mind enthral,
Avoid forever using.

Love not! ah no—the unsought smile,
Beneath may lurk extortion;
A seemly garb oft covers guile,
While reason whispers, caution.
Alone 'tis actions make the man,
A lack in them ignore him;
Whoever does the best he can,
And fails—such have before him.

Love not! ah no--the empty boast,
Of fortune's gilded minions;
Each haply landed on a coast,
We vary as opinions.
Whose born a beggar or a king,
Depends at most on chances,
Slight not a MAN, to serve a THING,
Upheld by circumstances.

Love not! ah no—the vulgar wit,
Whoever may adore him;
Upon that rock such crafts have split,
And suffer'd wreck before him.
Morality in humble guise,
Unhonored, undefended;
Holds in the breast a living prize,
A conscience self commended.

Love not! ah no—forever shun,
The haunts of vice and folly;
Self conquest! noblest victory won,
Disperses melancholy.
Virtue alone can make us free,
Wisdom's a star ascendant;
Who honors God and liberty,
Alone is independent.

ON LIFE.

Some talk of this journey of life,
As one of perpetual trouble;
Where all with contention are rife,
And friendship it ends in a bubble.
Where women do nothing but scold,

Each sister unkind to their brother;
The boys they are saucy and bold,
And men live by cheating each other.

We vainly the origin trace,
Of man first commencing to grumble:
No matter what clime or what place,
Lo! even the faithful they stumble.
With failings we seem to be born,
Sad mischief there seems to be brewing:
Each rose has secreted a thorn,
And fortune oft leads us to ruin.

Impressions received when in youth,
Erroneous, wise, or fanatic;
We cherish them next unto truth,
Whether vulgar, polite or erratic.
Some men they are budgets of fun,
And others of wrath and vexation:
We're rul'd in a measure when done,
By dint of our home education.

Contentment wherever it sways,
Though home it be ever so humble;
The poorest with gratitude praise,
While inmates of palaces grumble.
We find some philosophers sad,
And pride it is ever deceiving;
While those unassuming are glad,
Or the unfortunate grieving.

Let merit e'er lead you to judge,
Plain terms in the end are true beauty;
Fine promises often are fudge,

Position excuses no duty.
Let bigotry go to the wall,
Away with all clamour and factions;
True honor it ranks above all,
Just think of a man by his actions.

ON GUILT.

It fears the light of noonday's sun,
Avoids each glance, itself betrays;
It fain would silent darkness shun,
And shrinks where truth and justice sways.

A monitor within the breast,
Is a witness there confin'd;
A guilty conscience stands confess'd,
While terror's drear alarm the mind.

Dream not the dazzling halls of light,
Hide guilt's foul stain or banish care;
The ribald jest can ill requite,
The spirit writhing in despair.

Though splendor dazzles all is vain,
No robes, no rubies peace can bring;
Deception adds a direr bane,
The wanton's smile a deeper sting.

Where jovial bacchus brims the glass,
Where pleasure's choirs so merry ring;
While cares 'midst execrations pass,
And time glides on with rapid wing.

The morrow's sun again shall rise,

The zephyr fan the silver wave:
While guilty souls but agonize,
Disconsolate, to vice, a slave.

BEAUTY.

It decks the azure vault on high,
It paints each stream that murmurs by;
It tints each little bud in spring,
And hovers where the warblers sing.

Within each brilliant eye it glows,
Each sylph-like form, its charms disclose;
The cataract most graceful leaps,
The glacier form'd in splendor sleeps.

It glows in the unfathomed mine,
It forms the stately mountain pine;
It lights each smile to cheer the brave,
Adorns the ruby, crests the wave.

It beams transparent in the day,
It tarries where the moonbeams play;
It moulds the fairy form of youth,
And shines resplendent in the truth.

In trusting childhood there 'tis pure,
It does in virtue e'er endure;
It in each noble action dwells,
It elevates, renowns, excels.

It chains the heart with magic ties,
It captivates, and dignifies;
It reigns supreme, around, above,
And glitters in the form we love.

MERCY.

Softly falls the gentle dews,
O'er the earth its balm to blend;
Life and vigor to diffuse,
Heavenly blessings down descend.
Just as welcome mercy falls,
On the heart disconsolate;
Soothing words true rapture calls,
Memory smiles to contemplate.

Mercy melts the stony heart,
Cheers despondence, chases fear;
Makes the callous'd bosom start,
Claims its triumph in a tear.
Mercy can obdurance move,
To the inmost feelings speak.
Heavenly treasure, sacred love;
Moves the stalwart, nerves the weak.

Gentle words and tender deeds,
Cast a fragrant charm around;
Springing from its precious seeds,
Peace and choicest joys abound.
Gratitude with sunny smile,
Grace and beauty there expand;
Angry feelings reconcile,
Earth becomes a fairy land.

Mercy high enthroned above,
Was a jewel in the crown;
Omnipotence, eternal love,
Sent it as an angel down.
While seraphs cheer, let earth rejoice,
Let fallen man in rapture come;

And hail! this guest from paradise,
A type of the mellenium.

DISSIMULATION.

Dissimulation! man's inveterate foe,
E'er deck'd in guise its gilded shaft to throw;
Thou fiend of terror, though so seemly fair,
With wily words confiding hearts to snare.
Go seek thy origin where first ye spake,
Dwell in the thicket with the loathsome snake;
Far from humanity, direct thy way,
Who loves deception, fears the light of day.

Foe to thy fellows, to thyself still more,
To choose a path all honor must ignore;
To sell thy hope and every joy despise,
To live 'midst hatred and to doat on lies.
Within thy heart that seat of bitter woe,
Where words of mercy, pity, never flow;
All noble feelings wither'd to decay,
The conscience callous'd as a beast to prey.

Dissimulation, mask of sin and woe,
Insidious, lurking, bitter, fatal, foe;
To all on earth by mortals known as just,
Dissolving friendship with a breach of trust.
Debasing morals, where thou can'st explore,
External fair, but rotten at the core;
Within thy cruel, evil, treacherous eye,
Ne'er dwells the crystal drop of sympathy.

Curse to society, to peace a ban,
Dispersing union, degrading man;

Thy barbed arrows leave a bitter smart,
And pierce revengeful in the trusting heart.
Pandora's box, compar'd would sink to nought,
With all the evils, by thy cunning wrought;
Where is thy hope, thy honor, peace, or joy,
Whose aims are subtle, to decieve, destroy.

SUSPENSE.

Frustrated plans may mar our joys,
Still hope will cheer us on;
And triumph from its source arise,
And every fear begone.
But dread suspense leads to remiss,
Our energies they cease;
It robs us of life's quiet bliss,
Destroys, disperses, peace.

What heart could cheer if thou art near,
To shroud the thoughts in gloom;
To whisper of foreboding fear,
And point to sable doom.
Fell foe to all the human race,
Grim terror dwells with thee;
Go hide thy wierd unwelcome face,
Go, make thy exit, flee!

I would not all the wealth e'er known,
Receive and own thee mate;
Nor all the honors ever shown,
And live disconsolate.
Thou bane of earth, I pray thee fly,
Thy anguish is intense;

May He who rules our destiny,
E'er shield us from suspense.

ADDRESS TO THE BLUES.

An antidote I fain would search,
And leave the horrors in the lurch;
Nor longer cherish care.
Unwise it is to sigh at fate,
Despondence cannot compensate;
Nor peace attend despair.

Philosophy, whate'er thou art,
I pray thee now thy truth's impart,
To raise the mind on high.
To know that life is but, at best,
A bourne, a road, a stage, a test;
Its path our destiny.

The world is made of ups and downs,
Some born to tatters, some to crowns;
Just as dame fortune wills.
Some drive too slow, others too fast,
We all shall reach the goal at last;
And nature's debt fulfil.

But of the horrors, why complain,
Since nothing ever is so vain;
It cannot yield us good.
The noblest thoughts, the brightest sense,
Are cent'red in experience;
And plainest understood.

Diplomas from the college spring,

A square of parchment, precious thing!
To please a vaunting Squire.
Give me the wit above all rules,
I'll laugh at critics, smile at schools;
If genius tunes the lyre.

Spring soon will deck the earth again,
And spread a carpet o'er the plain;
While mercy, truth and love,
Inviting fancy to portray;
Shall tint the skies in rich array;
High in the vault above.

Then in delight I'll gaze around,
'Midst richest scenes and joys profound;
My spirit it shall soar,
On wings of fancy pierce the skies;
Unfurl its pinions and arise;
To majesty adore.

Shall I ungrateful, grieve, repine,
Or rush to bow at mammon's shrine;
For wealth to rust the soul?
Grant me this wish, the gift to muse,
And in my mind its joys infuse:
From wisdom's flaming scroll.

Vexations, losses, crosses, fears,
Joys, hopes and sorrows, fill our years;
Philosophers are those,
Who choose life's fairest sunny side,
And in kind Providence confide;
Till death shall chase their woes.

ON A NEWSPAPER.

Long lists of cures, recipes and charms,
Sad accidents, and dire alarms;
Great feats of science, deeds of arms,
With each comment.
While rules that treat on crops and farms,
They represent.

Eloquence, harangues and blunders,
Lectures, essays, rhymes and wonders;
Tempests, lightning, rains and thunder,
Are there portray'd.
Hopes and parties, torn asunder;
And sore dismay'd.

Codes of morals, clans and factions,
Wrecks and ruins, choice extractions;
Noble men, heroic actions,
And woman's rights.
Bright achievements, sad transactions,
And fond delights.

Births and deaths, all fresh inventions,
Late elopements and dissentions;
Marriages, and such intentions,
With deeds of fame.
Markets, stocks and bank suspensions,
Your notice claim.

Railroad projects, sites for cities,
Resolutions of Committees;
Exhibitions, glees and ditties,
Attention call.
Anecdotes that's bright and witty,
With news for all.

Pleasure parties and excursions,
Fashions, follies and diversions;
Large revivals and immersions,
With notes on change.
Liberty, versus coercion,
And logic strange.

Telegrams from every quarter,
Electric wires beneath the water;
Bless me how the times they alter,
Strange communion.
May truth and progress never falter,
Through the union.

PROGRESSION.

I fain would seek thy gentle fair retreat,
And in thy bowers take an humble seat;
Where endless raptures never ceasing flow,
Nor angry passions in the bosom glow.
Where terror, woe, and every danger cease,
And chaplets blooming, wreath thy halls in peace.

Where truth is cent'red on a lasting throne,
And true contentment is forever known;
Where joys unspeakable, e'er greet the sight,
And plains elysian weary souls invite;
Where all in truth and duty acquiesce,
And love and mercy crown the earth with peace.

Reflection answere'd know thy wish is vain,
No clime or station does such boons contain;
Such thoughts are visions and from fancy flow,
All is ideal in this world below.
What as a fact, is by one age enjoy'd,

Is by another jeering set aside.

This age, progression stalks with rapid sway,
Inventions, bubbles, premature decay;
Around are scatter'd in the path we tread,
Too well may sages for the future dread.
Since wild caprices bids experience yield.
Age stands aghast and reason quits the field.

Time was, when labor elevated stood,
And compensation yielded as it should;
While plebian hands might independence claim,
And honest labor weave a wreath of fame,
Ere all its hopes and true nobility,
Were vainly cent'red in a patentee.

Old fogy maxims, once in days of yore,
Blest all with plenty, commerce, food and store;
Ere gegaw baubles in the world were seen,
And paeans lauded each new styl'd machine.
Extoll'd industry's foe with feelings warm,
For crushing labor with a grand reform.

Progression surely! still where does it tend—
Go ask the widow? is it foe or friend?
The needle's pittance, though it were but small,
It was her fortune, when the sire did fall:
To limbs of steel, her last resource award,
While orphans hunger, let the world applaud.

Go ask the artisan whate'er his trade,
Has labor saving an improvement made?
Where humble labor is the sole estate,
Does o'er production ever compensate?
Can human muscles ever wildly dream,
To press the contest and compete with steam?

Years vainly spent his trade is set aside,
No longer needed he is unemploy'd;
Monopoly and modern manners rule,
Invention triumphs and the useless tool!
May seek his labor from another source,
'Tis but progression in its steady course.

In vain can elouqence conceal the sting,
Or shield his ruin 'neath her flow'ry wing;
His daily substance sprung from honest toil,
Refreshing slumber did his nights beguile.
His children cheer'd him and his home was bright,
High Heaven's mandate did his aims requite.

Where is true merit—look the world around?
Where are its traces, where its dwelling found?
The high emoluments that fame displays,
Bow down to fortune and ambition sways;
The bar, the camp, the legislative halls,
Ope wide their portals at its stately call.

While sunder'd union disperses wide,
To hail! the millionare and pamper pride;
The humble slighted, honor deem'd unwise,
The unassuming doom'd to never rise.
Is this progression, I the quest renew?
To crush the masses, and exalt the few?

Where is progression, is it here below?
Reflection answer'd—it is even so;
It dwells with wisdom in her spacious halls,
Its access equal and alike to all.
'Tis true progression, be it understood,
To labor earnest for the common good.

While pomp is flatter'd, and where might it sways,
The unassuming, they can smile and gaze;
This is the refuge, merit still may find,
A conscious dignity—a fearless mind.
Approving memory—an inward joy,
A hope—a treasure, beams in destiny.

LABOR.

The greatest heroes of the day,
May each their brilliant deeds display;
And humble labor still can claim,
The noblest on the lists of fame.

From all presumption it is free,
'Tis fam'd on land, renown'd on sea;
It ever is a nation's wealth,
It nerves its sons with vigorous health.
Who, ever prompt at duty's call,
As patriots to stand or fall;
They dignify each spot on earth,
With competence and real worth.
God bless the land and "speed the plough!"
So much essential all allow;
To till the soil and grace the plain,
In harvest time with golden grain.
It has long since been truly said,
Man should by labor earn his bread:
And that the sweat upon the brow,
Should all with daily food endow.
It was the great Creator's plan,
It is a noble trait in man;
To yield content and gentle rest,
For those who pay this high behest.

To witness labor's great reward,
Go view the fields whose crops afford;
Sufficient proof how nature deigns,
Its ample stores where labor reigns.
The earth it yields its golden prize,
While from a thousand voices rise;
Their praise and gratitude to tell,
The feather'd warbler's notes they swell.
The clustered vines so graceful bend,
And all around their beauty blend:
The flow'rs they shed a sweet perfume,
The sun adds brilliance to their bloom.
The cattle graze in numbers round,
While other blessings they abound;
All nature smiles there seems confess'd,
On every face our labors blest.

Next leave the scene, the city seek,
Its silent monuments they speak;
In every sphere they there display,
The brightest genius of the day.
Toward the sky its trophies raise,
They meet the eye where'er we gaze;
Producing elegance and art,
Throughout the throng and busy mart.

The sage who studies to refine.
His labors make his talent shine;
With glowing hope and mind elate.
In penury can smile at fate.
While nature's charms are free to view,
They ever yield him joys anew:
In revery his time is spent,
Ne'er ending source of true content.

That pride or wealth can ne'er bestow,
In marble halls in pompous show;
Fair wisdom's ways his path does cheer,
And points to blessings everywhere.
His heart with pity overflows,
With feelings for a brother's woes;
And while his humble meal he shares,
With tender mercy soothes his cares.

The artist makes a form appear,
Each lineament and feature there:
Reminds us of departed hope,
And next to nature's beauties cope.
His skill does most transparent shine,
When death his spirit does consign;
His labors through all time proclaim,
A monument of art and fame.

If foes should threaten to invade,
Fam'd labor's sons of every grade;
Espouse at once the common cause,
For dignity and equal laws.
They are the bulwark of the land,
When duty ever does command;
Regardless of a limb or life,
Press onward to the deadly strife.
Or when blest peace and plenty shine,
They each industrious combine;
To add unto the nation's weal,
They persevere with steady zeal.
Inviting commerce from each shore,
And where the foaming billows roar;
Their ships that nobly stem the tide,
Majestic o'er its bosom glide.

What noble trophies labor shows!
All art and science can disclose;
The mind of man to cross the waves,
Its briny element enslaves.
Or o'er the earth with lightning speed,
Electric wires supply the need;
And next to thought unshackled fly,
At once his wishes to comply.
The truest limner to portray,
At length is found the God of day;
While art has triumph'd far and wide,
And humble labor claims with pride;
Artesian wells shall springs disclose,
"And deserts blossom as the rose."

All they who noble thoughts admire,
Or would to lofty themes aspire;
To catch their bright and brilliant flame,
Must press along with steady aim.
Go view the sluggard's indolence,
Behold its sorry recompense;
Confusion ever marks the spot,
While weeds and thorns surround his cot.
His home, his hearth is desolate,
He well may mourn his hapless fate:
His offsprings are in tatters clad,
His hopes are flown, his mind is sad.
Ungrateful thoughts they fill his breast,
He murmurs at the high behest,
Complains of fortune and of fate:
His miseries to satiate.

Then view the cottage and its lands,
Whose husbandman with willing hands;

Improves the spot its joys increase,
  Its inmates dwell in hope and peace.
The vine its amorous branches cling,
  The roses bloom each vernal spring;
While all around abundant shows,
  The boons that providence bestows.
Health paints the cheek and cheers the breast,
  They persevere with steady zest;
Their daily task they each pursue,
  They grow in strength and vigor too.
The rural hills and pleasant vale,
  Breathe forth a soft and ardent tale;
With glowing landscapes fairest scene,
  And meadows deck'd in robes of green.

When summer's suns they shed their ray,
  They revel in the new mown hay;
While autumn well rewards his toil,
  Rich fruits abound and harvest's smile.
The children well such scenes enjoy,
  The parents watch with loving eye;
Each little prank and budding grace,
  Developed in the rising race.
Too wise to hope in tales of fate,
  They trust in God and cultivate:
That like their garden here below,
  Each may at length their fruit bestow.
To smooth the path when age appears.
  To calm each sorrow, chase all fears;
And with each talent do their best,
  To gain an everlasting rest.

The craggy rocks whose giddy height,
  At once with wonder charm the sight;

And mountain summits, lofty thrones,
E'en "sermons dwell in stocks and stones."
Each cave's majestic tablets teach,
The tide that leaves the ocean beach;
The wonders of the lofty skies,
Arise and search, 'tis labor's prize!
Immortalize your humble name,
Press on and join the ranks of fame;
Each scene that opens to the view,
In nature's page is ever new;
Inviting science to explore,
And view its gems of choicest lore.

SPRING.

Ever gentle, lovely Spring,
Now the woods with echo ring;
Grace abounds on every spray,
Brightly shines the God of day.

Ever welcome, genial Spring,
Vines around the branches cling,
Flow'rs they bloom and all is gay,
Lambs they gambol, shadows play.

Ever charming, sunny Spring,
Rays of light and mercy bring,
Hope and love, with thee abide,
Verdure crowns each mountain side.

Ever merry, joyous Spring,
Fain I'd soar on fancy's wing;
Sing thy lays, and ever dwell,
Where thy beauties most excel.

Ever brilliant, social Spring,
Cheering every living thing;
Streams they murmur gently by,
Tints of splendor paint the sky.

Ever glowing, beaming Spring,
Birds they mate, they build and sing;
Songs of joy and love abound,
Peace and promise dwell around.

Ever happy, noble Spring,
Chasing winter, comforting;
Each and all, with warmer rays,
Nature blooms to give thee praise.

MAY.

Lovely May of many graces,
Blossoms meet at every gaze;
Nature smiles and pleasant faces,
Hail thy season, sound thy praise.

Lambs are skipping, birds are singing,
Now the sun with glorious ray;
Cheers the earth while echo ringing,
Gladly sounds to welcome May.

Maids are blushing, swains are wooing,
Childhood chants its merry lay;
Springs are gushing, doves are cooing,
Hope and beauty, reign with May.

Meadows rob'd in vernal glory,
Gentle breezes fan each spray;
Fragrant valleys tell thy story,
Moor and mountain smile at May.

Lilacs are in splendor blooming,
Snow-ball boughs their plumes display ;
Sky blue violets unassuming,
Deck each grove to dwell with May.

When its countless buds discloses,
All their tints and colors gay :
June shall shine with beds of roses,
Cherish'd by the dews of May.

Ever charming, fleeting treasure,
When thy beauties all decay ;
Age and youth with ardent pleasure.
Oft shall wish for lovely May.

"GOD SPEED THE PLOUGH."

The plough is nobler than the crown,
It yields our daily store :
A brighter trophy of renown,
Than ever monarch wore.

Great civilizer of the world,
That does such joys endow ;
On honors scroll where'er unfurl'd,
Inscribe, "God speed the plough."

The hero proudly boasts of fame,
Though fraught with war and dearth :
But he a nobler cause may claim,
Who toils to till the earth.

God ! prosper all the gallant band,
Who wield its noble share ;
May health e'er nerve the rustic hand,
And banish all his care.

Send him a smiling orchard slope,
To cherish in the spring;
Where trees in blossom whisper hope,
And autumn fruit shall bring.

All honor to the gallant hearts,
Who greet the early morn;
Who toil to fill the city marts,
And garners lade with corn.

Who to the earth's remotest bourne,
Send treasures o'er the deep;
Who does humanity adorn,
And toil while sluggards sleep.

The plough is nobler than the crown,
It yields our daily store;
A brighter trophy of renown,
Than ever monarch wore.

ON A MIRROR.

A silent, instantaneous, reflector,
Tormentor, tell-tale, flatterer, detector;
The maiden seeks thee to behold her tresses,
Her raven locks in admiration presses.
Those eyes with youth and animation darting,
Behold, and in warm ecstacy departing;
Bound forth to conquer, captivate and please,
Tho' oft forgive them, should they glance to tease.
To gain the conquest, some display of arms,
Of snowy whiteness, with such winning charms;
Display'd to conquer with so much remiss,
And art and triumph to behold is bliss.
Her charming face, her flowing graceful curls,

That marble brow, those rows of shining pearls;
Those ruby lips each passing smile disclose,
And dimpled cheeks, with hues that tint the rose.
'Tis nature's dow'ry it becomes the lass,
Their force she feels the tell tale was the glass.

The matron views it and with winning grace,
Beholds the model of a parent's face;
An infant's form its steady rays reflect,
Those gentle arms so lovingly protect,
Such thoughts arise, all sorrow seems to pass,
At budding prospects mirror'd in the glass.

'Tis truest mentor, nothing can erase it,
Dare anger, fraud, or cruel passions face it?
The truth 'twould show and bid the heart control,
The venom burning at the inner soul.
Exhibit in the very minds complexion,
The hatred glowing with a true reflection;
This fact imparting both to age and youth,
All ills will vanish in the light of truth.

The hero views it and with high ambition,
Beholds his lofty, tow'ring, mien, position;
Looks there with confidence and glowing pride,
His noble form with dignity allied,
And smiling at his shade, does proudly pass,
With step elastic from the silent glass.

Should age gaze, there it at a glance may trace,
Time's silent triumph stamp'd upon the face;
The visage wrinkled and the tresses grey,
Show life's decline and time's relentless sway.

The widow all bereft, beholds her weeds,

Her hopes are flown, her heart with anguish bleeds;
Her mind disconsolate, her griefs a mass,
She shrinks in horror from the silent glass
Where once in ecstacy and glowing pride,
She view'd, it flatter'd, she was lov'd, a bride;
The glass I say it, is a great enigma,
A joy, a terror, a rebuke, a stigma.
A step to pride, to folly, to display and dress,
It prompts, disheartens and does truth express.

OCTOBER.

Cloudy skies are now appearing,
Dear October's voice is heard;
Flow'rs and leaves its breath is searing,
Boughs are by the breezes hurl'd.

Birds they seek a milder dwelling,
Southward now they wing their flight;
Hopes within their nature telling,
Brighter scenes and skies invite.

Bare the lawn and bleak the mountain,
Summer's scenes again are flown;
All is fleeting, change is certain!
Who may call a joy his own.

Still its blessings, boons and pleasures,
Amply does the farmer hoard;
Crops are garner'd, noble treasures,
Both for man and beast are stor'd.

While the cheerful faggots blazing,
Let each heart their tribute bring,
One whose eye on all is gazing,
Sears the bloom to send the spring.

THE SNOW BIRD.

Ever welcome little friend.
When the snow-flakes down descend;
When the clouds are dark and drear,
Then the snow bird does appear.

All the trees have shed their leaves,
Icicles adorn the eaves;
Rippling streams with frost are bound,
Now the snow bird flies around.

Other songsters disappear,
Winter chills the closing year;
Flow'rs have ceas'd to bloom and grow,
Now he comes, he loves the snow.

Earth is white as lilies fair,
Bells are jingling through the air;
Sleighs are passing to and fro,
All alike enjoy the snow.

Feast or fast, as nature deigns,
Lo he comes! while winter reigns;
Full of mirth and free from woe,
Gaily chirping in the snow.

Winter brings its joys to some,
Others sigh to see it come;
Ere the spring time thou will go,
Seeking lands that's clad in snow.

Some they seek a milder sphere,
Others stay and pass the year;
Where bright fires at christmas glow,
Ever welcome, type of snow.

LINES ON THE ASSASSINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States.

Lo! the nation stands appallen,
Each loyal bosom bows the head;
Gloom veils each heart, a star has fallen,
Columbia mourns, her chief is dead.

Liberty with light and glory,
Victory brought joys to all;
Slavery, dread, dark and gory,
Plots another victims fall.

Crime—the darkest dye surpassing,
Cast a terror o'er the land;
Evil lurks, a foul assassin,
Strikes with deadly cruel hand.

A martyr falls from friends to sever,
Affection's ties are rent in twain;
Principles will live forever,
Heroe's blood is never vain.

Monuments, vain exultation,
Fade and pass in every clime;
His noblest work! Emancipation,
Stamps his name for future time.

Oft the sad, the gladdened story,
Man shall quote to laud the brave;
Old Honest Abe enshrin'd in glory,
Burst the fetters of the slave.

The bondman freed, in joy shall ponder,
And smiling own, he died to save;
While Freedom's friends, unbidden wander,
To drop a tear at Lincoln's grave.

TO LIVERPOOL.

For Liverpool give three times three,
May it progress ever;
May her Sons from care be free,
Nought their friendship sever.
May they sing and merry be,
Drive away all sorrow;
Pleasure have, and never see
Trouble on the morrow.

May her commerce flourish fast,
Her workmen feel contented:
Sell their ware and get the cash,
Their plans, the best invented.
Hope and joy attend each hearth,
Duty feel a pleasure;
Love surround our daily path,
And comforts without measure.

May health dwell in our city fair,
Social friends be near us;
All enough, and some to spare,
Home and beauty cheer us.
Our young men's ways may wisdom rule,
(Our daughters plump and pretty;)
And all around own Liverpool,
Is quite a model city.

TO STEUBENVILLE.

Steubenville none can vie,
And a glance of the eye;
To look at its noble location,
Will convince you I'm sure,

And the prospects allure,
Whatever may be your vocation.

Such a sumptuous feast,
Both for man, or for beast;
Our hosts keep in store for the stranger.
While they suit to a pin,
They your confidence win,
And shield you from trouble or danger.

Come along! Come along!
If you like in a throng;
To the mart of the county and story,
It would take too much time,
To tell you in rhyme,
The half of its wonders and glory.

Steuben here built his fort,
'Tis a pleasant resort;
Patriotic, abundant and cheering.
Long the annals of fame,
Shall cherish its name,
Its memories ever revering.

While our gardens they bloom,
'Midst the richest perfume;
Their hues and rich fragrance bestowing,
Gifts of nature abound.
Choicest fruits may be found,
Their splendor and elegance showing.

We have mines, we have more,
We have beauty in store;
Our ladies are gallant and charming,
Far the loveliest girls—

Of the west they're the belles,
The bachelors own them alarming.

Our hills crown'd with grace,
Only view at their base;
Ohio majestic is twining.
All the world can't excel,
The fair valley I tell,
In its splendor and ornaments shining.

May bright health guard the scene,
May its blessings serene,
Descend as the dews of the morning;
May our commerce increase,
'Midst friendship and peace,
Each art and each science adorning.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

The rose's hue was painted,
Upon her cheek so fair;
We dreamt not, it was tainted,
With hectic flushes there.
One beauty's mould adorning,
So comely, graceful, sweet;
To wither in life's morning,
To bloom, to smile and fleet.

Unknown life's cup of sorrow,
Unfelt the pangs of age;
Ere time the brow could furrow,
She vanish'd from the stage.
The spirit has departed,
The vital spark has fled;

Youth, hope and promise thwarted,
The form so fair is dead.

She pass'd when flow'rs faded,
And wither'd from the earth;
Through faith we are persuaded,
'Twas to celestial birth.
The promise of a Saviour,
Invites all such above;
Where angels will receive her,
'Midst endless light and love.

DEATH.

Mysterious change, of mysteries most great,
Involving mortals in one common fate;
Uncertain era, drear, unfathom'd shore,
The deep abyss, coequal each explore;
Ultimate mandate, final, last decree,
The fearful portals of eternity.

Relentless visitor, unbidden guest,
Insatiate terror, dreaded, dire behest;
Dark ebon gloom, attends thy cheerless sway,
It seals the vision and we pass aye.
While mercy shudders and affection mourns,
Lov'd forms departed, never to return.

Cold, irrevocable, unsparing law,
Natural fiat, heart inspiring away;
Unpitying monarch, strange, untravers'd clime,
All! all! must seek thee, thro' the march of time.
Unheard, invisibly, approach the goal,
The end, the destiny, the sphere of souls.

Poor frail humanity, frail as the flow'r,
Usurping, flattering, abusing pow'r;
Know this shall equalize, dethrone thy sway,
And mother earth absorb thy mould'ring clay.
Thy voice shall silence, chase thy fleeting breath,
And claim thy presence in the halls of death.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER LOOKING AT THE DAGUERREOTYPE OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.

Fair 'semblance of departed worth,
Thy very likeness makes me thrill;
Thy noble virtues live on earth,
Within our hearts to cherish still.

Thy voice though hush'd, it speaks aloud,
Its precepts are for ever dear;
With choicest wisdom e'er endow'd,
While memory lives we still revere.

Alas thy spirit it has fled!
And left this tenement of clay;
While o'er thy tomb fond tears were shed,
They whom we mourn'd had pass'd away.

Thy portrait speaks in tones so deep,
Though silent still, enough 'tis said;
Who lov'd thy form, but views to weep,
The absent, true and noble dead.

Still rest in peace, until with sound,
The angel's trumpet, shakes the skies!
Then with the just in glory crown'd,
Awake to reign in endless joys.

Arise to dwell in realms of light!
Such as no thought can e'er convey;
Where boundless love shall truth requite,
And "God shall wipe each tear away."

THOUGHTS ON A GRAVE WITHOUT AN INSCRIPTION.

Grave are the thoughts, this mound inspires!
Its silent voice does thus proclaim,
An end! a goal, of earth's desires;
Ambition, valor, wealth and fame.
The orphan here resigns its cares,
The poor and lowly find repose;
The hapless stranger quiet shares,
The man of sorrow, ends his woes.

When death dissolves our nearest ties,
We mourn each dear departed friend;
Their virtues from their ashes rise,
How oft their force our bosoms rend.
Did kindness view their failings here?
Or envy fill an angry breast?
Does memory shrink, is conscience clear!
The truth in silence stands confess'd!

The sympathetic tear replies,
The contrite bosom heaves a sigh;
While thoughts within the bosom rise,
Regret and sorrow dims the eye.
Our better feelings here prevail,
Our spirit pleads for evil done;
When thinking of the dreary pale,
Our final rest when life is run.

Ambition's fi'ry thoughts they pass!
Here feats of valor all are o'er;
The wealth that mortals here amass,
Is left as chaff upon the floor.

This silent crypt, it may contain,
A form was once thy deadly foe;
Relent, reflect, forgive, refrain,
Exult not! Death has dealt the blow.
Let mercy's voice within thee plead,
In charity his failings scan;
Thyself art mortal, know indeed!
Perfection is no trait in man.
E'er may his failings be forgot,
With pity's eye behold the tomb;
The goal of all, the common lot,
Again let friendship's warmth return.

Or is an helpless orphan here,
Whose dearest ties had pass'd before;
Where cruel envy's bitter jeer,
Can never grieve their pleasures more.
The parent earth its form does press,
No more harsh taunts its hope destroys;
A mother's love may now caress,
Her spirit charge in paradise.

It may entomb misfortune's child.
Whom penury found hard to bear;
Who struggled through life's dreary wild,
Borne down with sorrow, crush'd with care.
The grave for such is welcome rest,
Its silent sleep a trance of peace;
Away from cruelty's behest,
Where anguish, pain and terror cease.

An hapless wanderer may lay,
Beneath the sward in silent gloom;
Whose lamp expir'd its final ray,
And no lov'd voice to cheer the doom.
Affection's fond and tender smile
Was far away—it little thought,
The stranger in death's dreary isle,
A soothing, parting, look besought,
Oh! sympathy in pity lend,
Thy welcome voice at scenes so drear;
And blend the christian with the friend,
Each hapless stranger's fate to cheer.
Why throbs the heart, why starts the tear?
This world is but a scene of strife;
The grave for those whom truth does steer,
Shall yield its dead to endless life.

Let sacriligous hands forbear,
Nor Omnipresence e'er behold;
No modern vandal who shall dare,
Disturb this dust for paltry gold.

PITY.

Where pity falls within the heart as dew,
With rays of joy it does the mind renew;
The fallen cheering at its voice may smile,
And hope again the wretched reconcile.
Who would withhold thy gentle tender boon,
Shall never taste thy mercies! just as soon—
May seas be calm, where angry winds prevail,
As avarice to e'er thy joys inhale.
Where tender pity's gentle voice is heard,
The heart responds to hear a soothing word;

Though fate may doom us to our final goal,
Its voice can cheer and soothe the fleeting soul.
Elated with the charms of pity rise,
And seek a refuge in the promis'd skies.

THE SOUL.

Each heart has a wish and in rapture does cherish,
To live and in triumph, attain to its goal;
Each human a spark, no misfortune can perish,
The image of Glory is stamp'd in the soul.

All riches will fade, brightest fortunes but fickle,
Our days they are number'd beyond our control;
'Tis vain to evade the grim king with his sickle;
We yield to his mandate to banish the soul.

All temples must fade, they must crumble and vanish,
As ours made of clay, they must moulder the whole;
From the world to depart and forever to banish,
To wreck and to ruin, unlike to the soul.

Its essence it lives, it exists though departed,
The skeptic he doubts than his feelings are dole;
The body returns to the dust whence it started,
O whither! O where! is the home of the soul.

Each wrong shall be known and each tear shall be counted,
The prince with the peasant, that day will enrole;
When the King of the world, in his glory is mounted,
The judge of the nations, the God of the soul.

The earth it shall pass and all that are mortals,
Old time in its circuit, shall cease for to roll;

Grim death lose its sting, nor again in its portals,
Separate hope and love in the home of the soul.

The sun it shall fade and the planets shall tremble,
The heavens shall pass from the scene as a scroll;
The mouth of the liar, no more shall dissemble,
And virtue shall dwell with the God of the soul.

May Heaven with love and with mercy caressing,
Elate then each heart, where despondence has stole;
Unite us in peace with the dew of its blessing,
Receive us at last in the rest for the soul.

SPEAK KINDLY.

Speak kindly, the breast that is burning with ire,
Shall turn from its evil and cease to conspire;
The violence of passion be sooth'd and disarm'd,
The conquest completed, the anger be calm'd.
The foe that was seeking the feelings to rend,
Shall falter, relenting! and own you a friend.

Speak kindly, misfortune elated will cheer,
And smile, though affliction be hovering near;
The bosom will cherish mild charity's glow,
And pity shall brighten the sufferer's woe.
As gentle as dew on the heart is the voice,
That raises the fallen again to rejoice.

Speak kindly, to childhood so loving so fair,
In joy and in gladness as buoyant as air;
While artless simplicities govern the will,
Ere the customs that rule us, its pleasures may chill.
While the springs flow'ry season of hope and of youth,
Delightingly treasures in candor and truth.

Speak kindly, the outcast again may return,
Whom sinners deride and society spurn;
The conscience may melt that is callous'd and sear,
And mercy's fair triumph, be seen in the tear.
The form no authority, terror, could move,
Shall yield with a sigh as the captive of love.

Speak kindly, 'twill yield thee sweet slumbers by night,
Contentment will cheer thee and solace requite;
Thy path shall be strewn with the blessings of peace,
And heaven approving thy joys shall increase.
The future before thee, with promise shall bloom,
And tears of affection be shed at thy tomb.

THE OUTCAST.

He turn'd to take a parting look,
No tear was in his eye;
Disdain'd, rejected and forsook,
His bosom heav'd a sigh.
His feelings was of bitter grief,
His mind was rack'd with pain;
No voice to solace with relief,
His brow was stamp'd with "Cain."

A cold! cold world! is this he cried,
My failings were my fall;
All hope all mercy is denied,
The jeer, the mock of all.
My doom I never can endure,
My name a sound of scorn;
No aim, no motto to allure,
Why was I ever born?

But ah! a whisper in his breast,

'Tis madness makes it rise ;
Discouraged, branded and oppress'd,
He now your threats defies.
An evil spirit hovers near,
The outcast's eyeballs glare ;
It does his heart and conscience sear,
He wildly laughs at care.

The heart that now with envy burns,
The voice that curses all ;
And every thought of friendship spurns,
Was pure before its fall.
That hand against its brother rais'd,
Beside a mother's knee ;
Was clasp'd in joy while God was prais'd,
No outcast then was he.

Lay not unto him all the blame,
For being thus undone ;
No good Samaritan there came,
To shield misfortune's son.
The wretched who in sorrow fall,
Would bless fair friendship's voice ;
The tear would start at mercy's call,
And grateful hearts rejoice.

"LET HE WHO IS WITHOUT SIN, CAST THE FIRST STONE."—[SCRIPTURE.

When some frail daughter of our race,
Has fell in sorrow and disgrace ;
Her sex the first, the fact proclaim,
Her faults they scan and loudly blame.

Her hopes are gone, her doom is seal'd,

Such news! why should it be conceal'd?
Her offspring is the child of scorn,
Her joys are fled, she is forlorn.

Society discards the victim!
In this enlighten'd age of wisdom,
But the seducer! ah I've said it!
The world it almost gives him credit.

'Tis so in every Christian nation,
And quite an earthly dispensation;
It was not just in times of old,
At least we're so in scripture told.

In holy writ, we there are shown,
By one who reigns upon a throne;
To soothe, to pity and implore,
To "Go thy way and sin no more."

For to reclaim a fallen friend,
With kindness love and friendship blend;
It is the wish of highest heaven,
"Forgive that ye may be forgiven."

"THOUGH THOU EXALTETH THYSELF AS THE EAGLE AND BUILDEST THY NEST AMONG THE STARS, YET I WILL FETCH THEE DOWN SAITH THE LORD."—Scripture.

The eagle in his eyry proud,
Whose summit peering next the cloud;
Exalted o'er the vale below,
Around his piercing glance does throw.

His lofty throne so dignified,

The precipice and mountain side ;
Stands tow'ring in majestic form,
Defies pursuit, nor fears the storm.

Delighting in his upward flight,
He seeks the brilliant realms of light ;
And next the sun he loves to soar,
As though to aim at glory more.

His years are legion in their length,
His limbs are knitted firm with strength ;
And fiercely in his course he goes,
The most inveterate of foes.

His haunts are free, though rough and rude,
Where few disturb its solitude ;
With wondrous speed he darting flies,
As though ascending to the skies.

With eye as fire on pinions strong,
He skims the azure blue along ;
Relentless rules the feathered tribes,
Till death his reign and sway proscribes.

'Tis so with man, who in his pride,
Has laws of right, and God defied ;
And by the rule of might alone,
Has o'er his fellows bas'd his throne.

Who as the eagle knew no bars,
But claim'd a seat amongst the stars ;
The eye that sees such vain renown,
Usurper know, can bring thee down.

W 13

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